

NEW
NUMBER

JAN. No. 2

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S

SILVER STREAK COMICS

ACTION!

ADVENTURE!

MYSTERY!



THE CLAW

MASTER CRIMINAL

LANCE HALE

TROPICAL DARE-DEVIL

RED REEVES

BOY MAGICIAN

AND MANY OTHER THRILL-PACKED FAST-MOVING FEATURES

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UNIVERSE.COM

Daniel Boone

If Boone Had Not Known How
To Kill Two Birds With One Bullet
Indians Might Have Massacred
The People Of Boonesborough



During the American Revolution Daniel Boone had been captured by Indians and taken into the wilderness. Because of his exceptional skill as a hunter the Indians adopted him into the Tribe.

Every day they sent him out into the forest to bring in game. But they did not trust him. Every morning they doled out a small supply of powder and bullets, each evening they tallied the game and made him account for every charge fired. They knew that no experienced —



woodsman would attempt to escape without sufficient ammunition to beat off relentless pursuit and kill game while passing through the dense forests that lay between him and civilization. The Indians believed they had Boone tied.

But Boone worked a plan of his own — he spit his bullets and used light charges of powder whenever possible, hiding the ammunition so obtained. Thus each bullet did double duty.

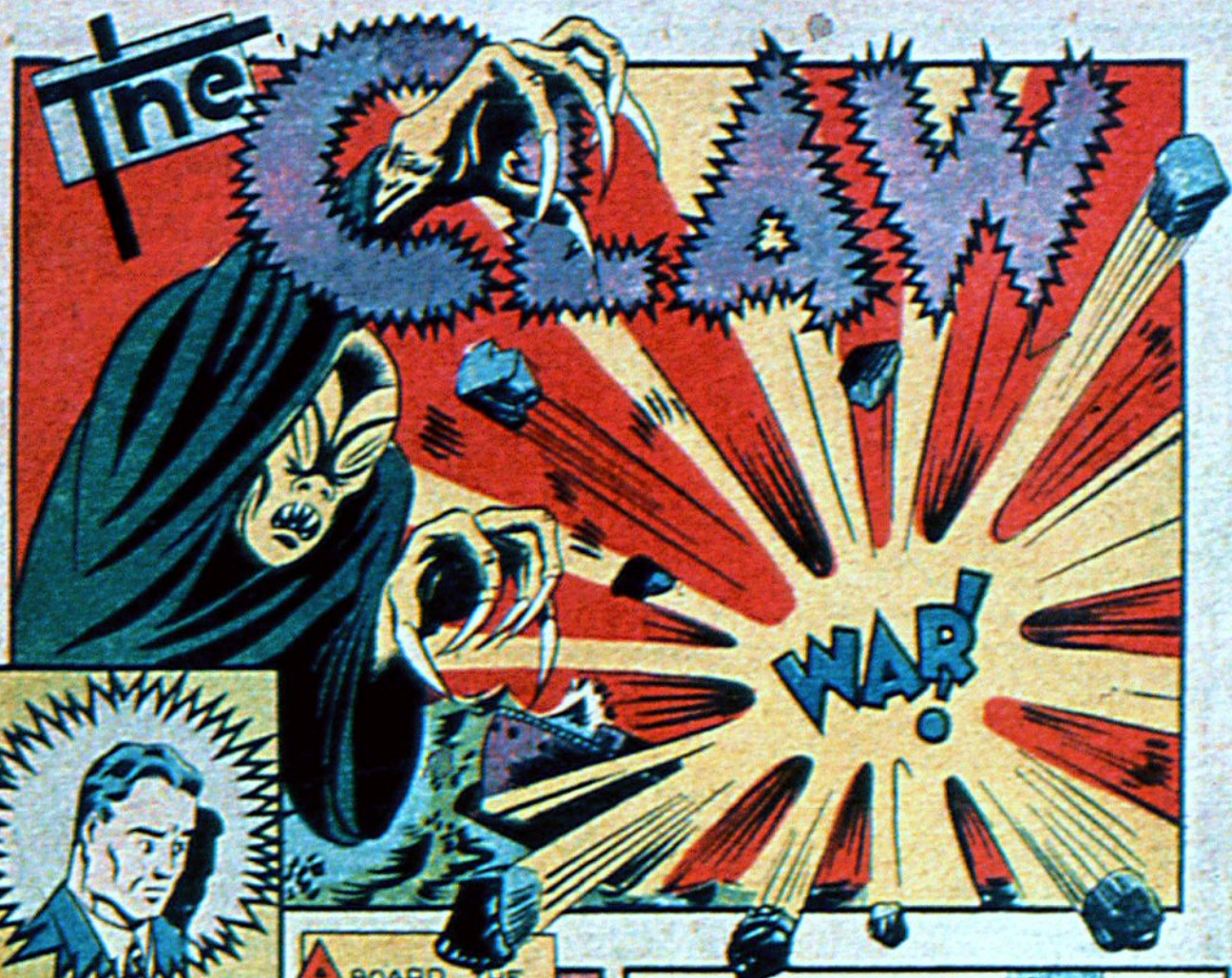


Months later he overheard the Indians planning a raid on Boonesborough. Horrified by the impending massacre, he seized his hidden powder and bullets and dashed for freedom.

He eluded his pursuers. Five days later —

he arrived in Boonesborough and the town was saved.





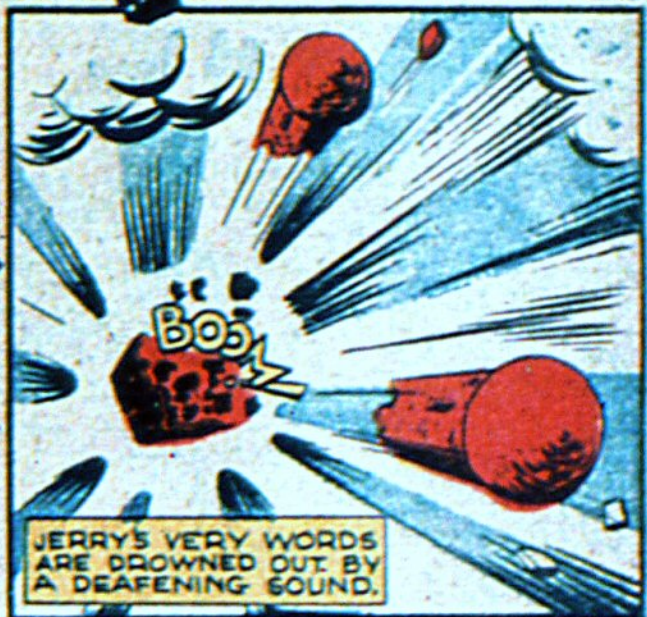
JERRY MORRIS,
MASTER CHEMIST
AND ADVENTURER,
HAS SUCCEEDED
IN RESCUING



ELOISE PEARSALL
FROM THE MAD
"**CLAW**",
A MONSTER OF
MIRACULOUS POW-
ERS WHO IS OUT
TO DOMINATE
THE UNIVERSE.

ABOARD THE
SHIP, MOROSA,
ANCHORED AT
THE ISLAND OF
RICCA, HOME OF
THE **CLAW**!

ANOTHER
MOMENT AND
THE **CLAW**'S
HIDEOUT WILL
BE NO MORE.

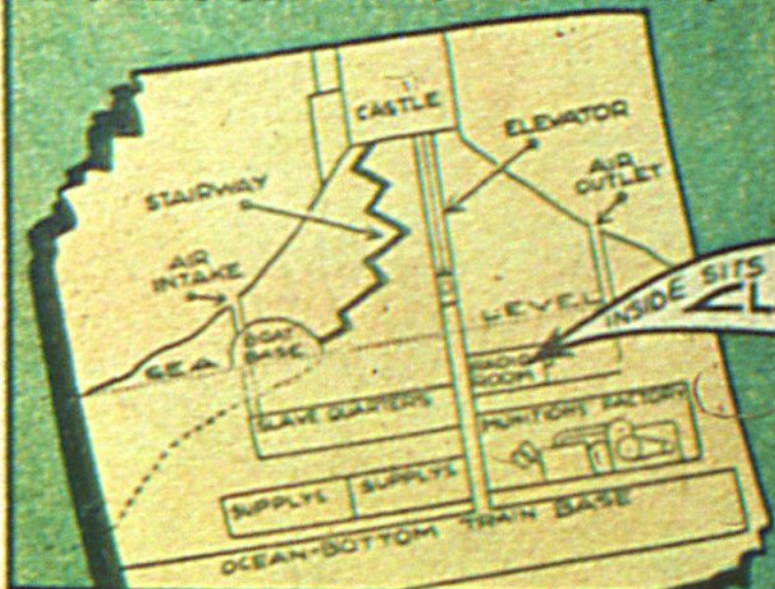


JERRY'S VERY WORDS
ARE DROWNED OUT BY
A DEAFENING SOUND.



PASSENGERS BREATHE EASIER AS THE
MOROSA SAILS FROM THIS EVIL ISLAND.

BUT, AMONG THE SMOULDERING RUINS OF THE CLAW CASTLE U.S.A. MAP—IT REVEALS AN UNDERGROUND NETWORK OF ROOMS?

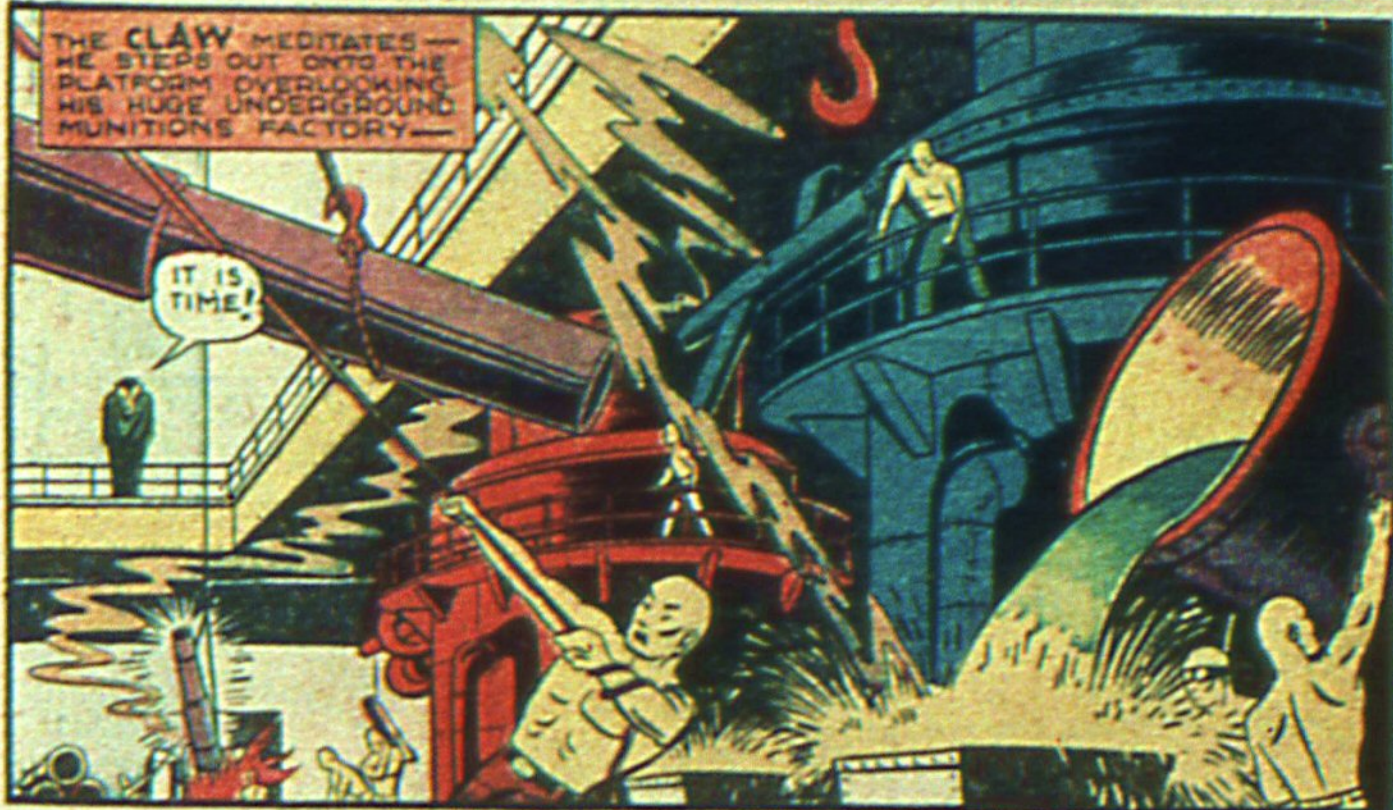


WAR HAS BEEN DECLARED! MILLIONS ARE BEING SLAUGHTERED BY AN AGGRESSOR NATION WHOSE DICTATOR SEEKS TO CONQUER ALL EUROPE.



HE LISTENS TO HIS RADIO

THE CLAW MEDITATES—HE STEPS OUT ONTO THE PLATFORM OVERLOOKING HIS HUGE UNDERGROUND MUNITIONS FACTORY—



SOON AFTERWARDS, THE AGGRESSOR-NATION'S DICTATOR RECEIVES A VISIT.

I AM HERE TO OFFER YOU THE USE OF MY POWERS IN YOUR CONQUEST, IN RETURN FOR WHICH I WILL RECEIVE HALF OF EUROPE!

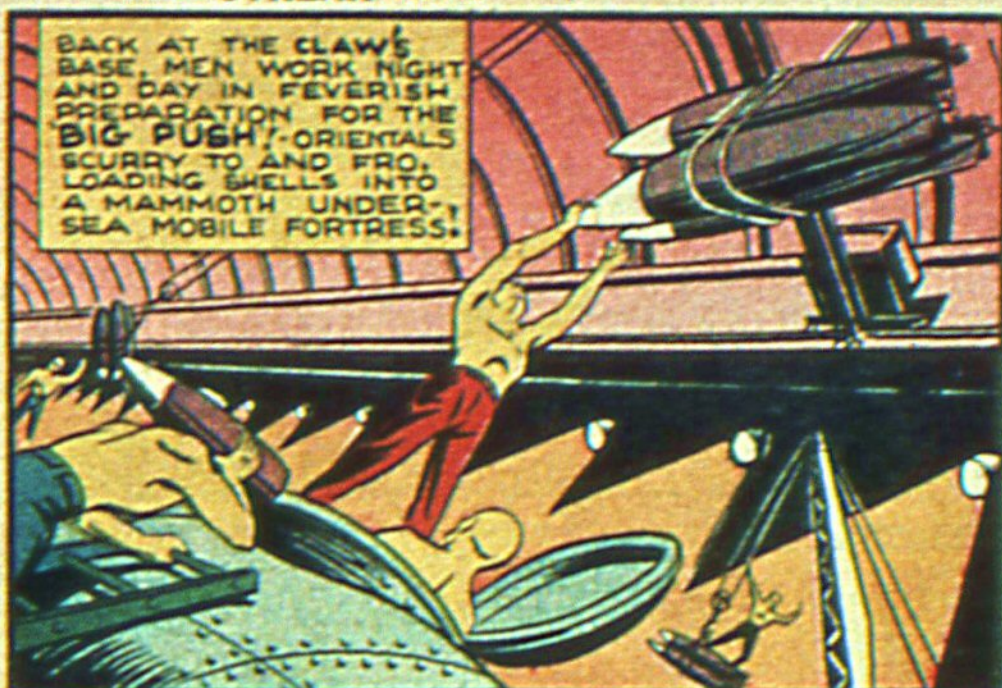
AND IF I REFUSE?

DO YOU SEE THIS VASE?!

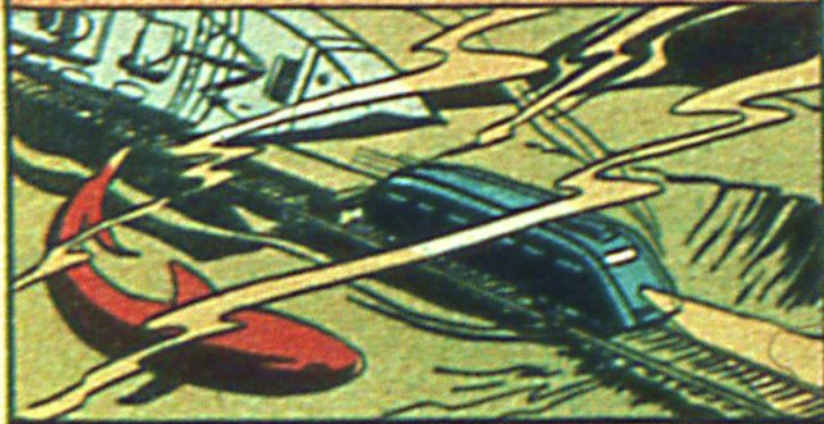


YOU LEAVE ME WITH BUT ONE ALTERNATIVE—TO ACCEPT YOUR TERMS!





SUNKEN SHIPS ARE TRANSPORTED ON A NEWLY CONSTRUCTED UNDER-WATER RAILROAD BACK TO THE MUNITIONS FACTORY AT RICCA.



MEANWHILE, LONG RANGE GUNS FIRE SHELLS WHOSE VELOCITY IS SO GREAT THAT HUGE FISH ARE THROWN UPWARD IN THE AFTER-SUCKION.



EXACT PRECISION INSTRUMENTS ENABLE THE CLAW'S FORCES TO BOMB CITIES FIFTY MILES INLAND ACCURATELY.



SUBURBAN DISTRICTS SUFFER MOST-THE COWARDS OF WAR TAKE GREATEST DELIGHT IN DEMORALIZING RESISTANCE WITH REPEATED ATTACKS ON INNOCENT CIVILIAN POPULATION!



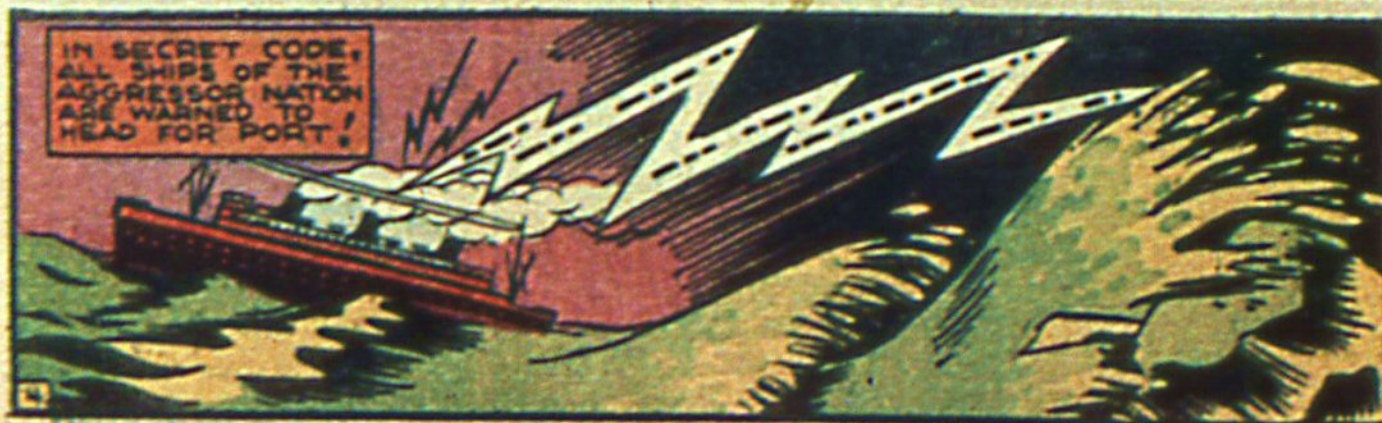
INSIDE THE FORTRESS, THE CLAW COUNCILS WITH HIS GENERALS:-

SNAILS!

YOUR PROGRESS HAS BEEN TOO SLOW! WE ARE NOT PREPARED FOR A LONG SIEGE!- IT MUST BE WON BY A LIGHTNING BLOW! I WILL STRIKE TOMORROW!



IN SECRET CODE, ALL SHIPS OF THE AGGRESSOR NATION ARE WARNED TO HEAD FOR PORT.



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT
AT FULL MOON, A CLAY-
LIKE HAND RISES FROM
THE INKY ATLANTIC!!

LARGER AND LARGER HE SWELLS-



THE HYPNOTIC HUM!
SOON THE OCEAN BEGINS
TO BOIL IN THE DIRECTION
OF THE CLAW!—A GREAT
WHIRLPOOL FORMS ABOUT
HIS OUTSTRETCHED FINGER!



OCEAN CURRENTS CHANGE, PULLING SHIPS
OFF THEIR COURSES AND DRAWING THEM
NEARER-EVER NEARER TO THE VORTEX—



MANY CRASH AGAINST ROCKY REEFS

FRANTIC PASSENGERS
COMMIT SUICIDE!



WHAT CAN WE DO?
ALL OCEAN CURRENTS
ARE HEADING TO-
WARDS ONE POINT!
IT MEANS DISASTER!



AT THE WEATHER BUREAU
IN WASHINGTON

BOTH ARCTIC AND ANTARCTIC
WATERS RUSH FROM THE
POLAR REGIONS, BRINGING
COLD WEATHER TO THE TROPICS



NATIVES OF THE TROPICS SEE SNOW FOR THE FIRST TIME—THE CLIMATIC CHANGE LAYS WASTE ALL VEGETATION.



THE SHIP, MOROSA, TOSSES ABOUT MERCILESSLY—JERRY MORRIS AND HIS YOUNG BROTHER, TAD, ARE AIDING THE CREW—



SUDDENLY A HEAVY CHAIN WRAPS ITSELF AROUND TAD'S LEG, PULLING HIM OVERBOARD.



JERRY, TORN BEYOND ALL REASON, DIVES AFTER HIS BELOVED BROTHER—



MAN OVERBOARD!



STRONG ARMS PULL JERRY ABOARD, EXHAUSTED—



WITH ACHING HEART, HE WATCHES THE MURDEROUS WATERS RAGE—



THEN, GRIM REALIZATION OF THE TRUTH COMES—

THERE IS BUT ONE CAUSE OF SUCH CHAOS!—THE CLAY!—FROM THIS DAY FORTH, I WILL NOT REST UNTIL THIS ENEMY OF MAN IS DESTROYED!



CAPTAIN, CAN YOU COME TO MY CABIN FOR A MINUTE?

WHAT FOR?



THIS APPEARS TO BE AN ORDINARY FLASHLIGHT, BUT WATCH—



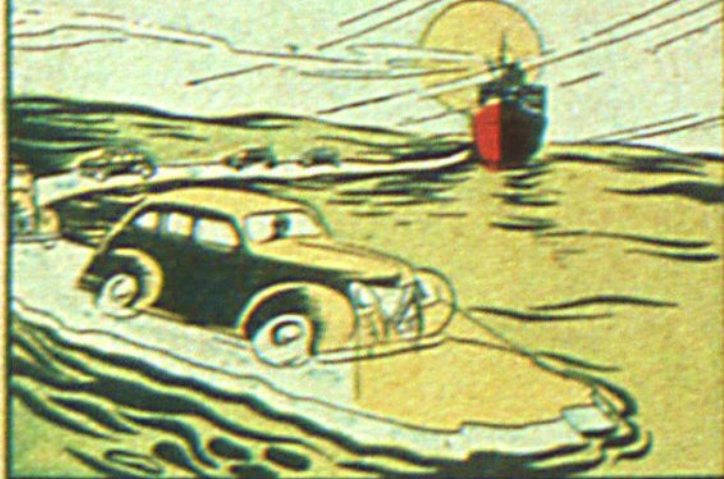
WHA-! IT FREEZES WATER!—BUT THIS IS NO TIME FOR TRICKS, MORRIS—

THIS MAY PROVE OUR SALVATION, CAPTAIN!

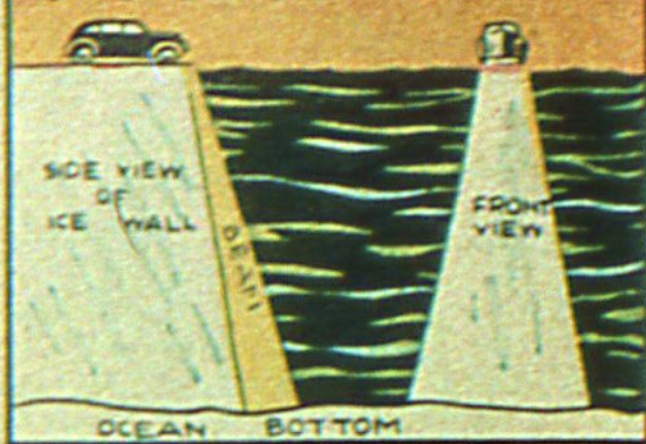




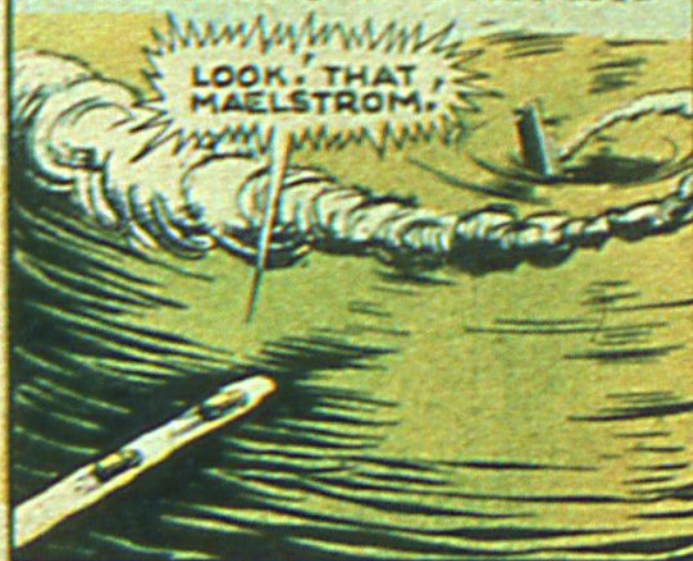
AND THE UNBELIEVABLE CARAVAN SPEEDS AWAY ON A FROZEN HIGHWAY OF ITS OWN MAKING!



HEAD LIGHTS, FITTED WITH THE SPECIAL GAS-FILLED BULBS CAST A PENE-TRATING RAY INTO THE WATER, THUS FREEZING A WALL OF ICE REACHING TO THE VERY OCEAN BOTTOM!



HOURS LATER, JERRY'S MEN ARRIVE AT THE SWIRLING WHIRLPOOL'S EDGE



AT A GIVEN SIGNAL, THE CARS BRANCH OUT AND ENCIrcLE THE VORTEX. THIS ISOLATES THE SUCTION AND RESTORES THE OUTER OCEAN TO CALMNESS.



QUICKLY! -EMPTY THESE TANKS OF ACID INTO THE CENTER. IF THE MONSTER IS DOWN THERE, THIS WILL FIX HIM!

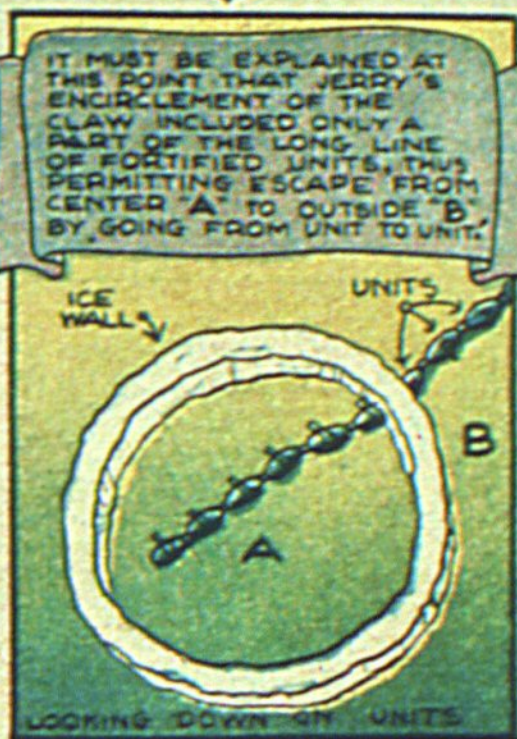


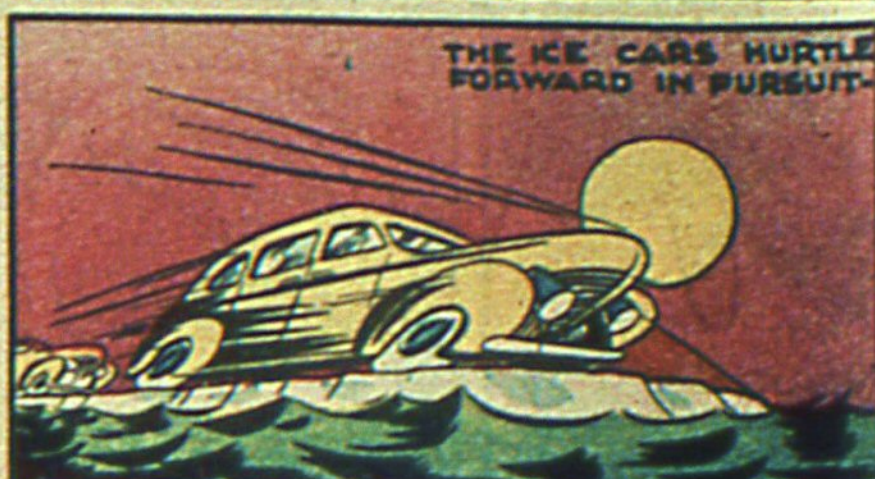
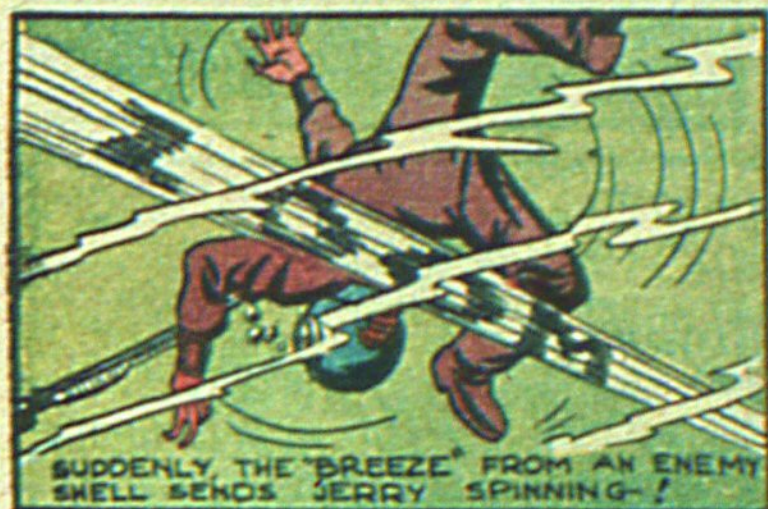
HURRY! -BEFORE WE'RE DISCOVERED



DRAWN DOWNWARDS BY THE SUCTION, THE DEVASTATING ACID MELTS THE METAL FORTIFICATIONS!



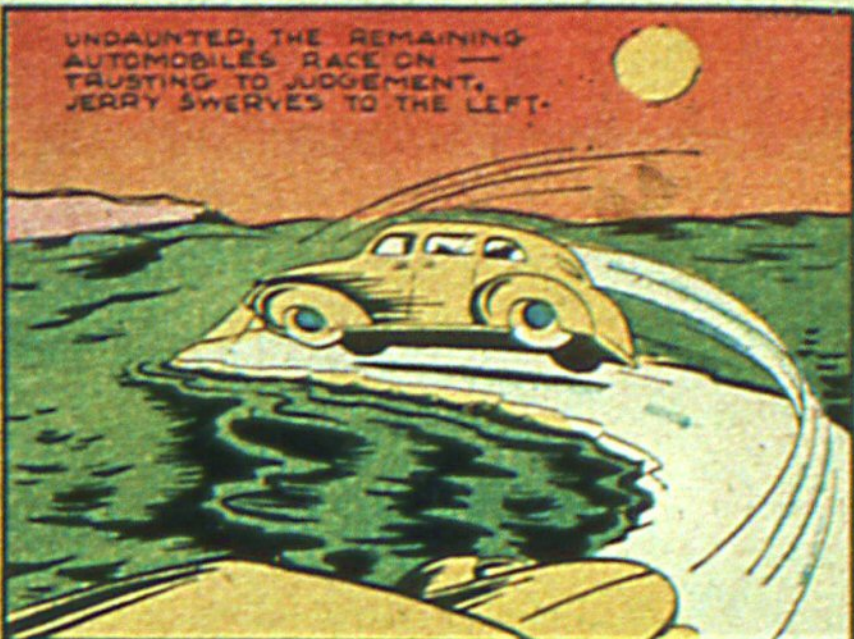




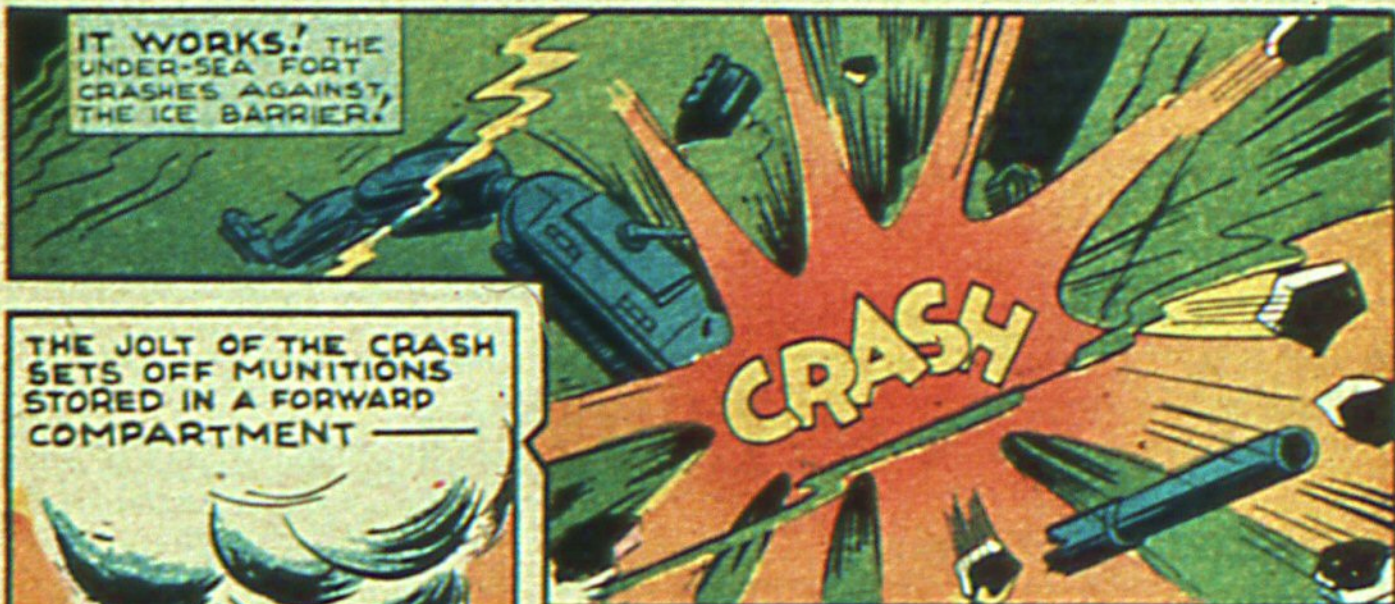
A BARRAGE OF SHELLS
COVERS THE CLAW'S RETREAT.
ONE SCORES A DIRECT HIT!



UNDAUNTED, THE REMAINING
AUTOMOBILES RACE ON —
TRUSTING TO JUDGEMENT,
JERRY SWERVES TO THE LEFT.



IT WORKS! THE
UNDER-SEA FORT
CRASHES AGAINST
THE ICE BARRIER!



THE JOLT OF THE CRASH
SETS OFF MUNITIONS
STORED IN A FORWARD
COMPARTMENT —



JERRY PULLS A FIGURE
FROM THE WATER —

THE CLAW!
DEAD! WHAT A
BREAK! THIS BODY
MUST BE SENT TO
AMERICA FOR A
SCIENTIFIC ANALY-
SIS OF ITS ONCE
GREAT POWERS!



AND SO, THE BODY OF
THE CLAW IS
CARRIED ON BOARD
AN AMERICA-BOUND
SHIP — BUT
WHAT'S THIS? —
THE CORPSE
SLOWLY CLENCHES
ITS TALONS! —
CAN IT BE THAT
THIS CREATURE
IS YET ALIVE?

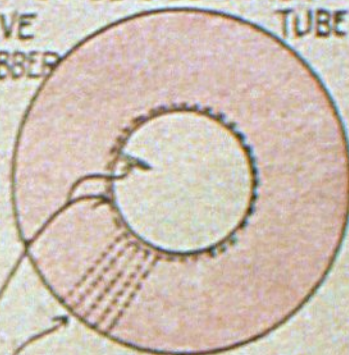


WATCH FOR: —
"THE CLAW"
IN AMERICA!
NEXT MONTH'S
SILVER-STREAK
COMICS!

INDIAN LORE

HOW TO MAKE A TOM-TOM by JACIE A. WATKINS

GET LARGE SIZE INNER-TUBE
-LIVE RUBBER



FOR THE BARREL OR BODY OF THE TOM-TOM - TAKE A METAL PAIL OR WOODEN KEG OR HOLLOW LOG - IF LOG



KNOCK OUT
ENDS AND
TAKE OFF
HANDLE

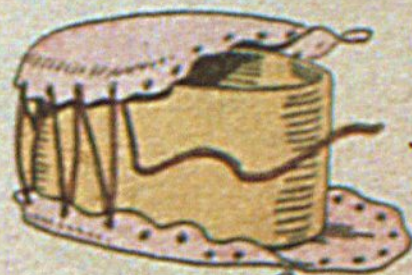


IF KEG IS
USED, SAW
OFF ENDS
UP TO HOOPS, SMOOTH
OFF ROUGH SURFACE



IS CHOSEN -
BURN AND
CHISEL OUT
INSIDE TO
A THICKNESS
DESIRED THE
THINNER THE
BETTER.

FIRST CUT FOUR RUBBER BANDS - NEXT CUT OUT VALVE AND AROUND THE CENTER - THIS WILL GIVE YOU A FLAT PIECE OF RUBBER. CUT OUT TWO ROUND PIECES FOR HEADS (CUT THESE LARGER THAN BODY). PUNCH OR CUT HOLES (IN HEADS) ABOUT TWO INCHES APART. TAKE A STRONG TWINE, LACE HEADS OVER BARREL OR BODY, GRADUALLY TIGHTENING UP ALL WAY AROUND. AFTER LACING IS DONE TAKE RUBBER BANDS STRETCH THEM OVER AND AROUND HEADS AT TOP AND BOTTOM.



TO MAKE TOM-TOM
STICK OR BEATER

STICK
ONE FOOT LONG
A SQUARE PIECE OF
RUBBER 6"
A RUBBER STRIP



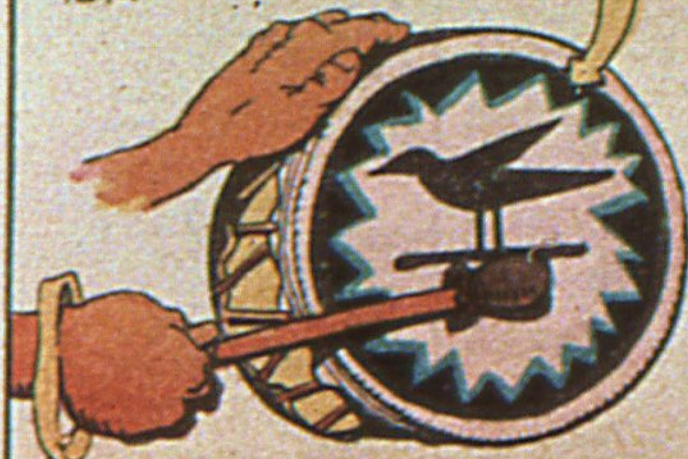
WRAP A RAG AND TIE IT OVER END OF STICK
PLACE SQUARE PIECE OF RUBBER OVER THE RAG
-AND TIE IT TIGHT.

TIE RUBBER STRIP
AT HANDLE END. THIS
GOES OVER WRIST
WHEN BEATING THE
TOM

DECORATE
IF SO
DESIRED

BOOM! BOOM!! BOOM! BOOM!!
GOES THE TOM-TOM. TOE! HEEL!!
TOE! HEEL!! THIS IS THE FIRST
STEP TO LEARN IN AN INDIAN
DANCE - WHEN THE LOW BEAT
IS STRUCK, BRING DOWN THE
TOE - HOLD IT UNTIL THE LOUD
BEAT THEN BRING DOWN THE
HEEL WITH A SNAP -

TRY IT!



How TO DO THE INDIAN DANCE
CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE

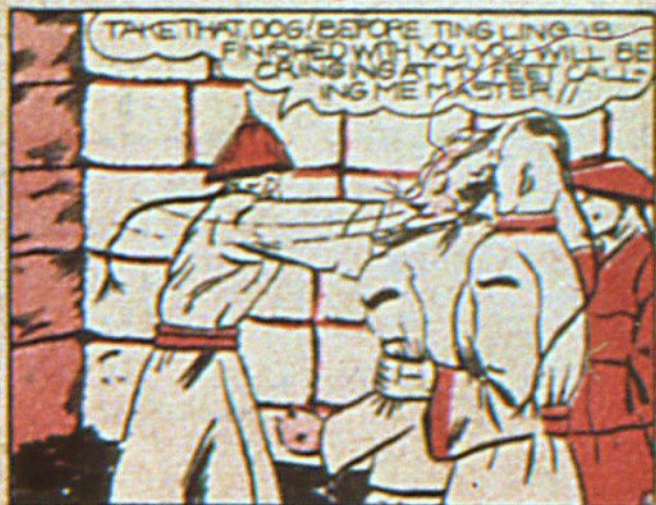
INDIAN DECORATIONS IN COMING ISSUES.

CAPTAIN FEARLESS

by
MALCOLM
KILDALE

SYNOPSIS:

"CAPTAIN FEARLESS", AN AMERICAN SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, RUNNING GUNS AND MUNITIONS FOR THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT, HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY THE TRAITOROUS RENEGADE, "TING LING", AND IS BEING HELD PRISONER IN A DUNGEON IN SHANGHAI. WHILE HIS NEW FOUND FRIEND, DUGAN, A FORMER DEVIL DOG IN THE MARINES, HAS BEEN KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS AND THROWN IN THE RIVER -----



TAKE HIM UPSTAIRS TO THE TORTURE CHAMBER! THE DOG WILL SOON TELL ME ALL I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE MUNITION SHIPMENTS TO CHINA !!



CAPTAIN FEARLESS IS LED INTO THE TORTURE CHAMBER-- AS HE SHOWED NO SIGN OF RESISTANCE HIS GUARDS RELAXED THEIR STRONG GRIP ON HIM--



REALIZING THE GUARDS MIGHT DO THAT CAPTAIN FEARLESS IS WAITING FOR THAT MOMENT, AND SO WITH A CAT-LIKE MOTION HE WRENCHES HIMSELF FREE AND DARTS AT TING LING !!

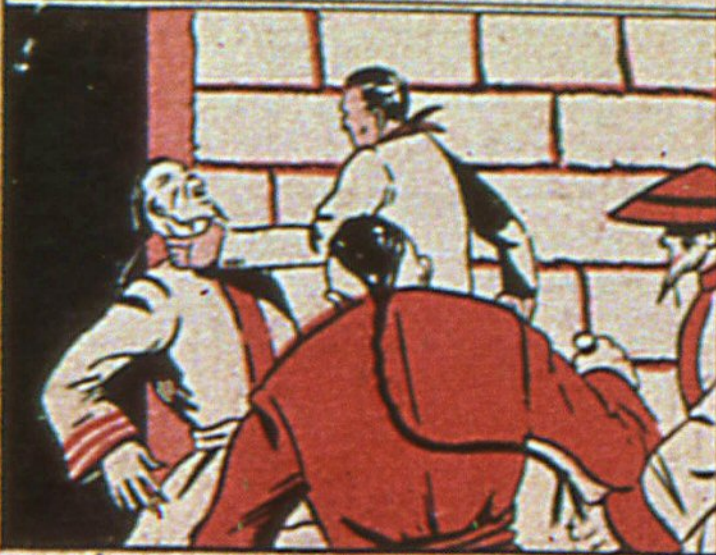


WITH A CRY OF FEAR, TING LING FLEES, THOUGH THE GUARDS ARE TAKEN BY SURPRISE, THEY QUICKLY GATHER THEIR SCATTERED WITS AND CHARGE AT CAPTAIN FEARLESS, WHO FIGHTS BACK LIKE A CAGED LION !!

GET HELP, YOU FOOLS! QUICK!!

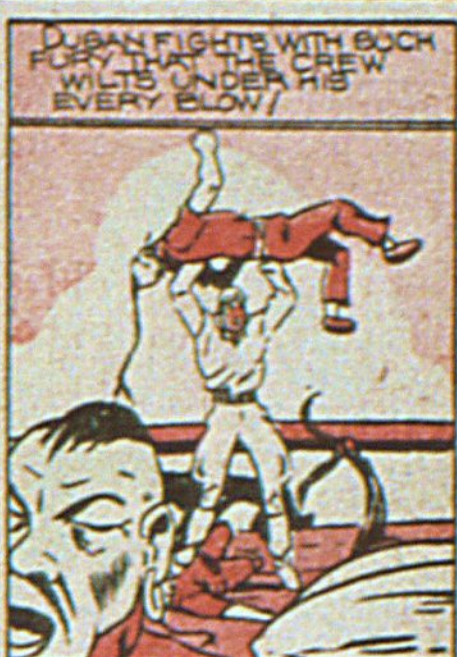
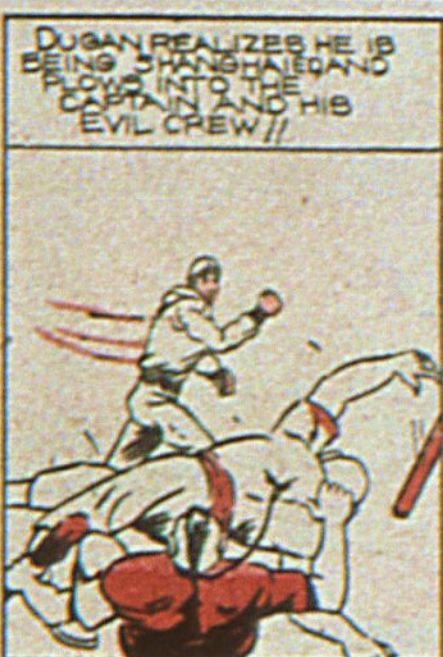
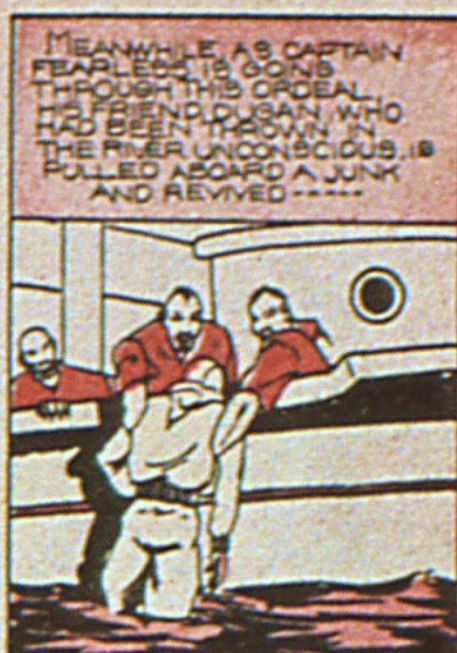


REALIZING THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT FOR HIM, CAPTAIN FEARLESS FIGHTS HIS WAY TOWARD THE EXIT WITH THE HOPE OF ESCAPING !!



BUT MORE OF TING LING'S MEN POUR IN AND SOON CAPTAIN FEARLESS IS SUBDUED !!





NOTING IT'S A BLIND ALLEY, DUGAN PAUSES AND LISTENS AT THE ONLY DOOR IN THE ALLEY.



REALIZING THAT THIS IS THE ONLY HOUSE THE THUG COULD HAVE ENTERED, DUGAN SLOWLY OPENS THE DOOR AND WALKS IN.



THE DOOR SLAMS BEHIND HIM AND DUGAN FINDS HIMSELF FACED BY TING LING'S MEN!



HO HO! THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE! WE'LL COME AND GET IT!



SO SAYING, DUGAN SALES INTO THEM AND THERE'S A BATTLE ROYAL!



GRABBING A KNIFE FROM ONE OF HIS ASSAILANTS, DUGAN HACKS AND CUTS HIS WAY THROUGH THE GANG.



REACHING A STAIRWAY, DUGAN BATTLES HIS WAY UP.



AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS DUGAN BREAKS AWAY AND MAKES FOR A DOOR THAT'S BEING GUARDED.



DUGAN BOUNCES ONE OFF THE GUARD'S CHIN THAT HAS A KICK LIKE A MULE AND THE GUARD TAKES THE OUT FOR A SHORT NAP!



HE THEN DASHES INTO
THE ROOM AND BOLTS
THE DOOR.



TURNING HE SPIES
CAPTAIN FEARLESS



WHAT TH—!
WHY THOSE
YELLOW RATS!

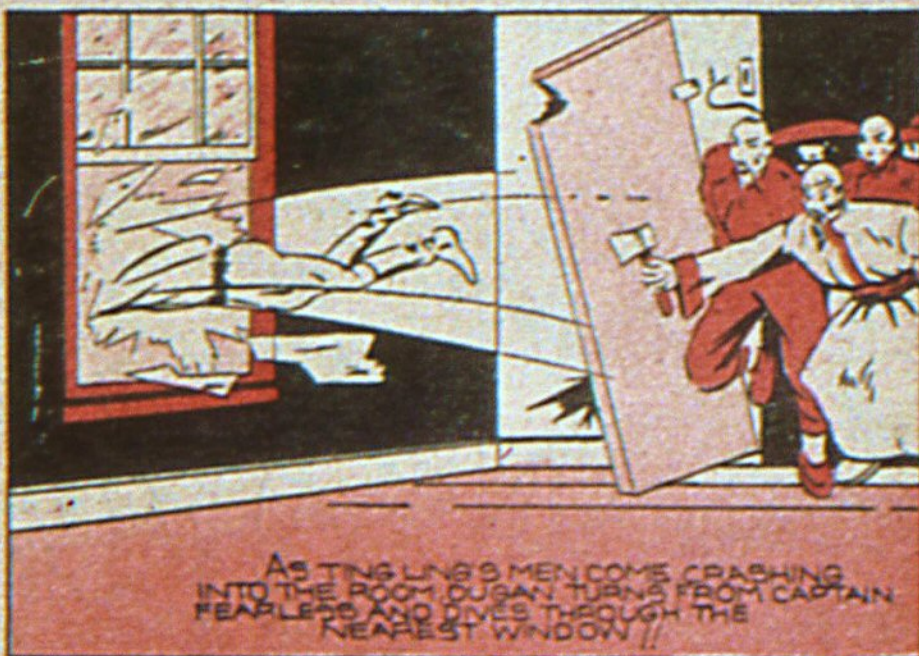
TAKING THE GAG OFF
CAPTAIN FEARLESS DUGAN
STARTS TO FREE HIM—



ARE YOU
O.K.
CAPTAIN?

YEH, I'M ALL RIGHT
BUT YOU'D BETTER
GET HELP—YOU
WON'T HAVE TIME
TO GET ME OUT
OF HERE!

FOR AT THAT MOMENT
TING LING'S MEN WERE
POUNING AT THE DOOR,
WHICH WAS GIVING WAY!



AS TING LING'S MEN COME CRASHING
INTO THE ROOM DUGAN TURNS FROM CAPTAIN
FEARLESS AND DIVES THROUGH THE
NEAREST WINDOW!!

FORTUNATELY THE RIVER
RAN PAST THAT SIDE OF
THE HOUSE AND DUGAN
DIVES INTO IT—



AT THIS MOMENT TING
LING BURSTS INTO THE ROOM
AND CRIES OUT TO HIS MEN—



DON'T
SHOOT YOU
FOOLS! YOU'LL
HAVE THE
POLICE
HERE!!

WHAT FOOLS! LETTING
ONE MAN MAKE MONK-
EYS OUT OF YOU!—
—BAH! COME—WE
MUST MAKE
HASTE—





THE FIGHTING IS FIERCE AND NO QUARTER IS ASKED OR GIVEN BY EITHER TING LING'S MEN OR THE MARINES!



DESPERATELY DUGAN TRIES REPEATEDLY TO REACH THE STAIRS, BUT IS ALWAYS THROWN BACK—



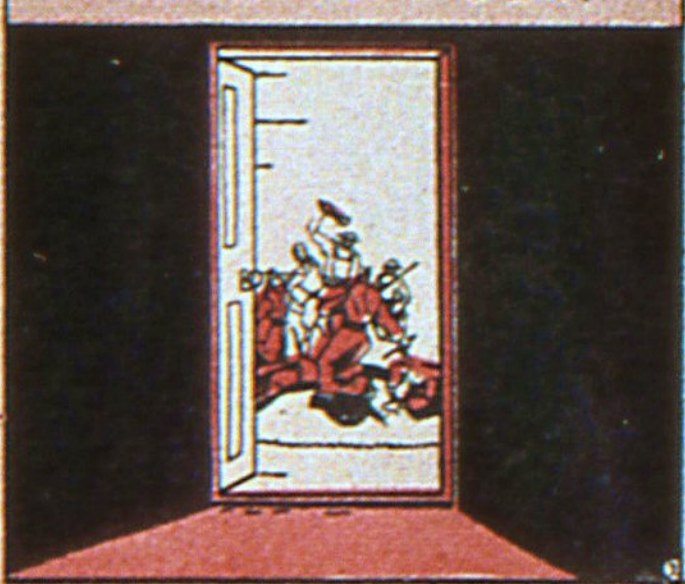
SAVAGELY TING LING'S MEN FOUGHT, SLOWLY GIVING GROUND BEFORE THE MERCILESS ONSLAUGHT OF THE MARINES!



USING EVERY FIGHTING TRICK HE LEARNED AS A MARINE DUGAN AT LAST REACHES THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS AND STARTS HIS BLOW CLIMB UP—



ARRIVING AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS DUGAN AND HIS FRIENDS BATTLE THEIR WAY FORWARD TO THE DOOR OF THE TORTURE CHAMBER WHEN THE DOOR SLOWLY OPENS!









THIS LOOKS LIKE A PRETTY SWELL LAYOUT TO ME — IF THEM'S SOLID SILVER — OH BOY!



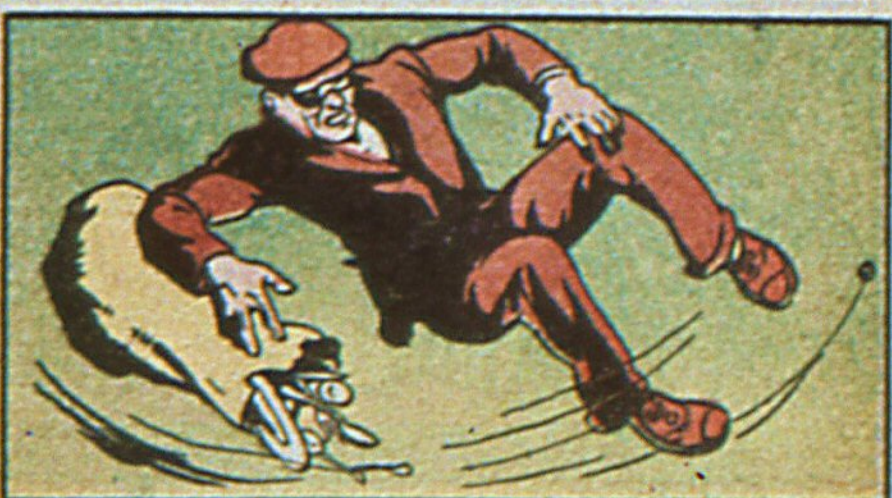
I OUGHT TO GET AT LEAST 50 BUCKS FOR THIS — SURE IS EASY MONEY — BETTER THAN WORKING FOR \$10 A WEEK AT A JOB I CAN'T GET.



NOW FOR MY GETAWAY THOUGH THE WINDOW I LEFT OPEN!



BUT THE MARBLE WHICH RED HAD LOST WAS UNDER HIS FOOT — HE SLIPPED, AND CAME DOWN — CRASH!



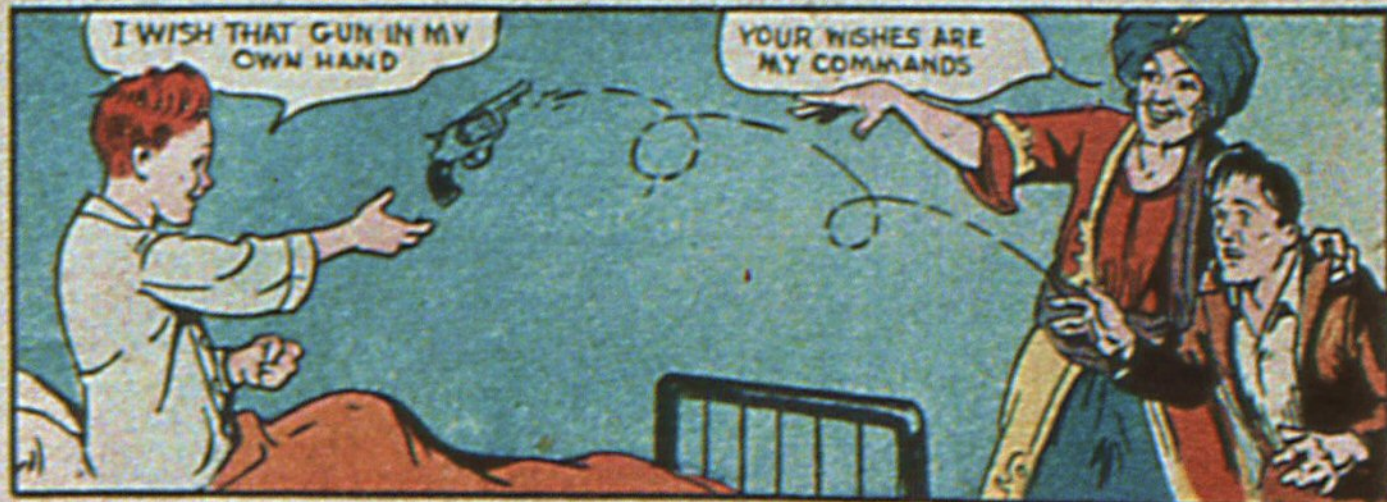
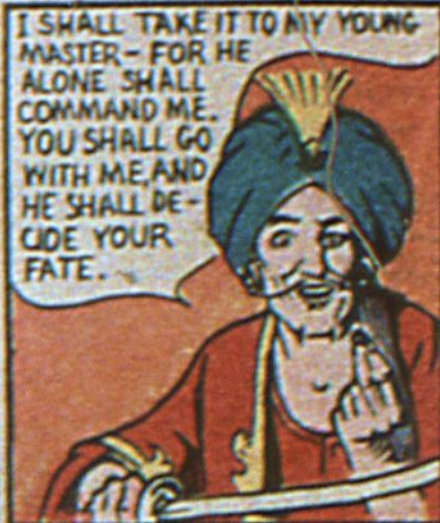
WHAT A DUMB FOOL I AM — THAT MUST HAVE WAKED EVERY ONE IN THE HOUSE, AND IT SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE COMING NOW!

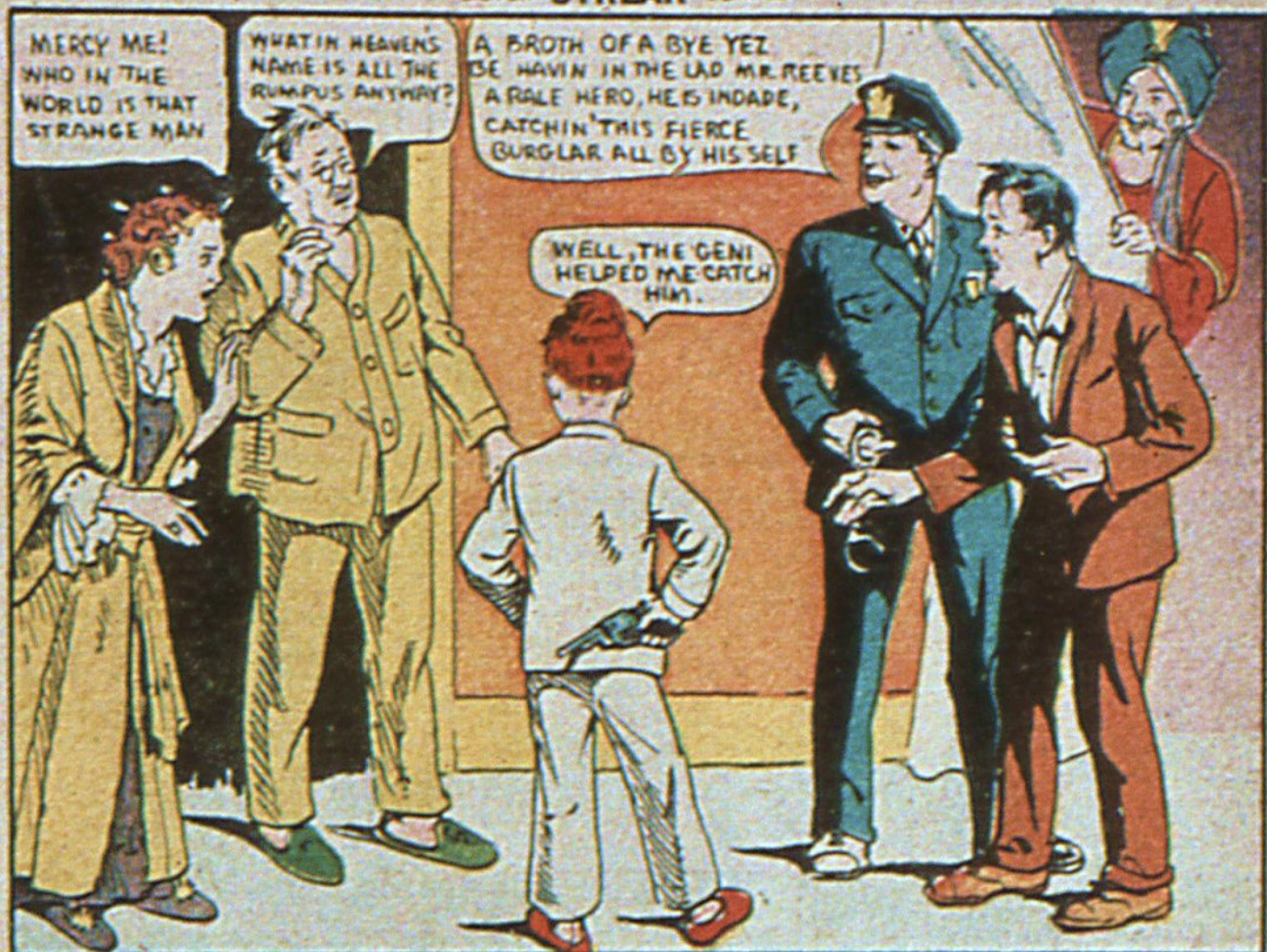


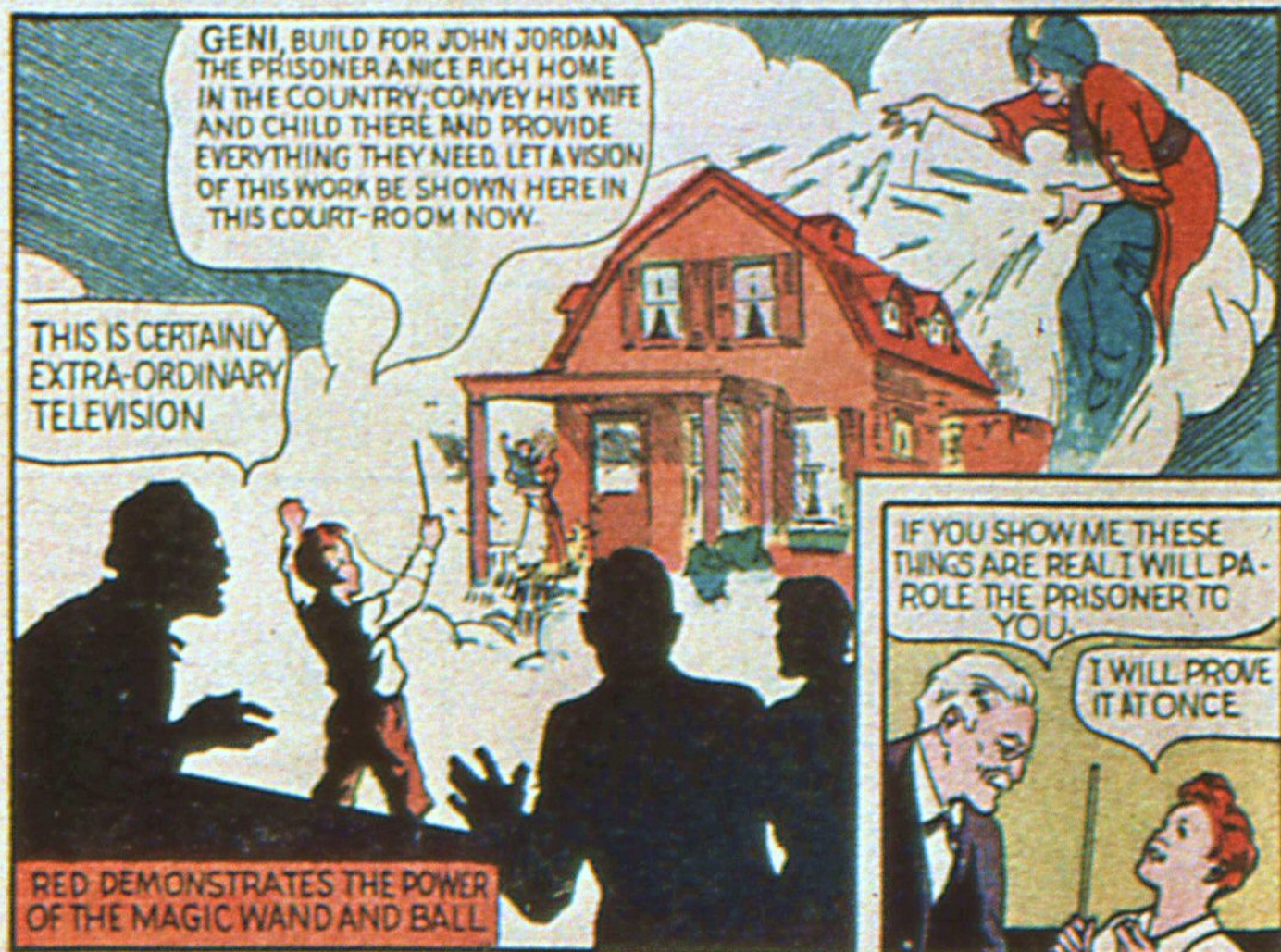
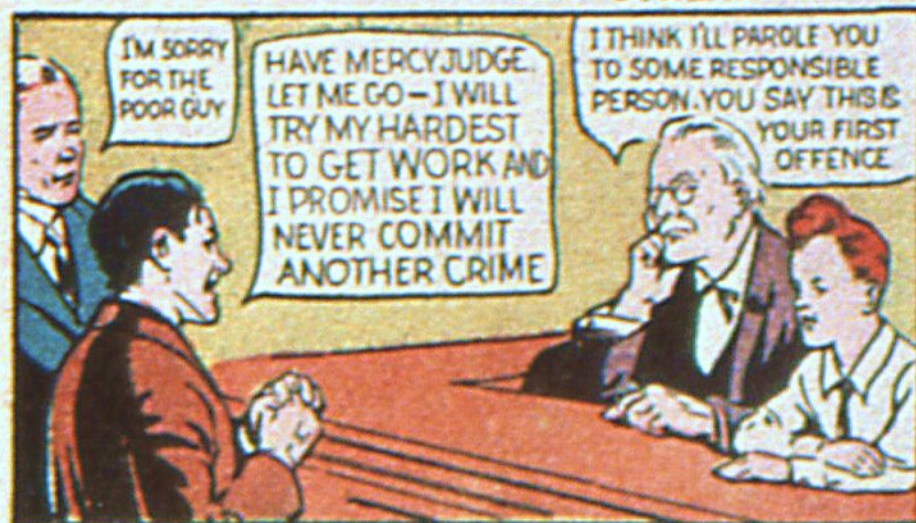
I AM THE SLAVE OF THAT MARBLE THAT YOU STEPPED ON — AND RUDELY SUMMONED ME FROM MY PEACEFUL SLUMBERS. NOW YOU MUST DIE!

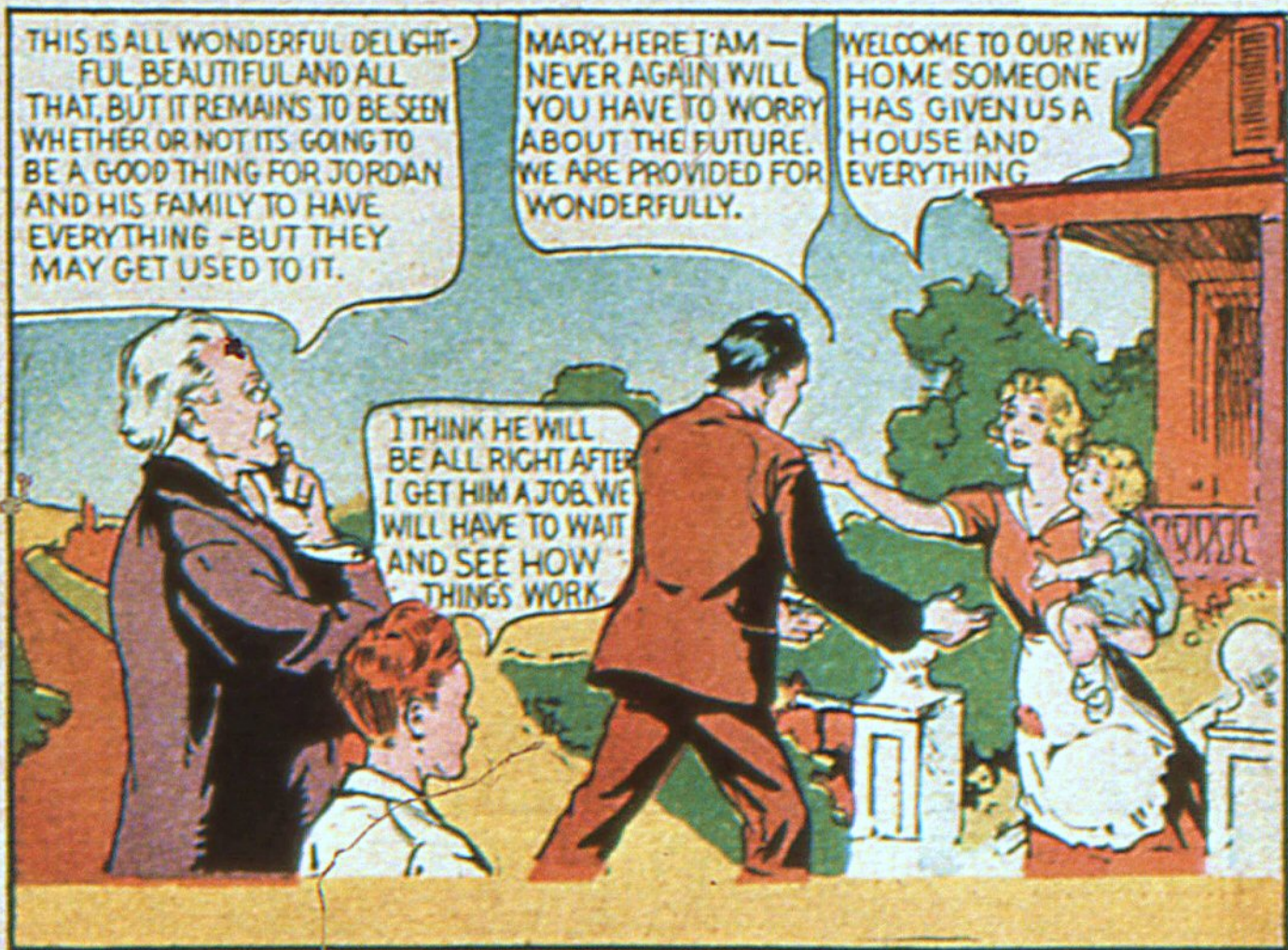
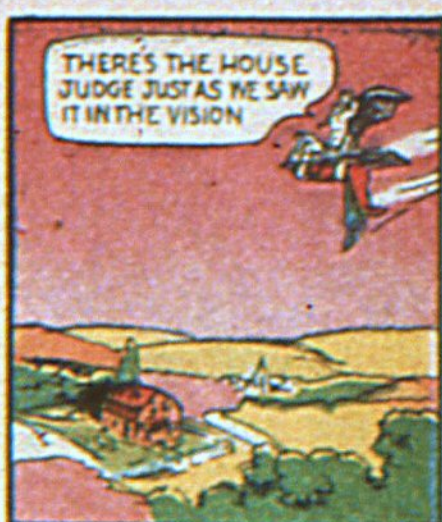


FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE — WHO AND WHAT ARE YOU? AND BE CAREFUL WITH THAT CHEESE-KNIFE!









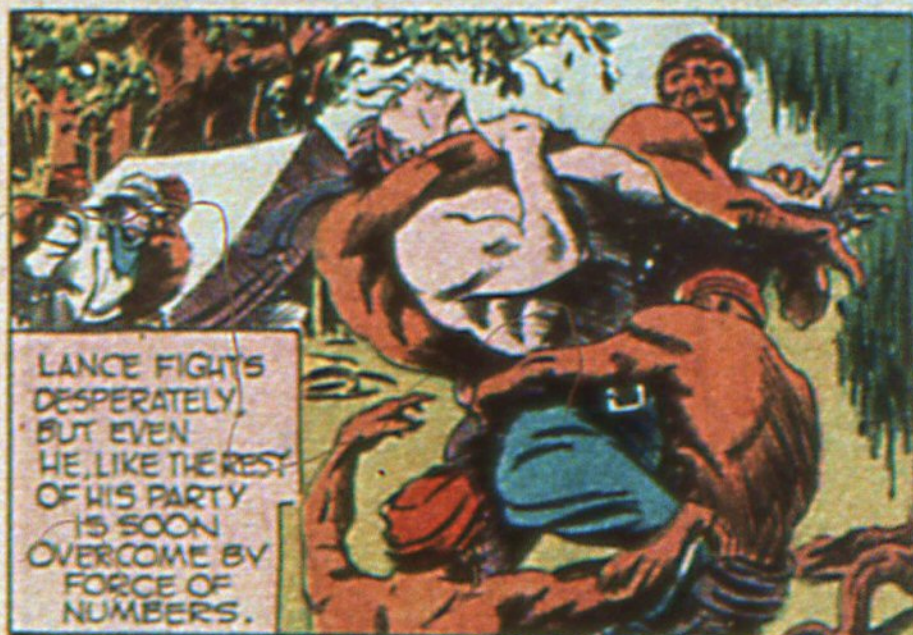
LANCE HALE

by JOHN HANSTON

Lance Hale, SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, WHILE ON ONE OF HIS DANGEROUS JUNGLE EXPLORATIONS WITH TWO COMPANIONS IS SUDDENLY ATTACKED BY A STRANGE BAND OF FIERCE NATIVES!



THAT'S A FINE WAY TO SAY GOOD MORNING, YOU'D BETTER GO BACK TO SLEEP!



LANCE FIGHTS DESPERATELY, BUT EVEN HE, LIKE THE REST OF HIS PARTY, IS SOON OVERCOME BY FORCE OF NUMBERS.



I WONDER WHERE TH' DICKENS THEY'RE TAKING US.

I DON'T KNOW, BUT THEY SURE TOOK CARE TO SEE THAT WE WEREN'T HURT.

THE PRISONERS BOUND. THE PARTY MAKES ITS WAY THROUGH THE JUNGLE.



BIG "FIRE-HAIR" STRONG LIKE TIGER.

SI, WRIST STILL HURT FROM GRIP!



HIM LOOK LIKE THE ONE THE SENIOR SEEKS!

SI, WE SHALL SOON KNOW, WE ARE ALMOST THERE!

THE CAPTORS WHISPER AMONG THEMSELVES.



A SENTRY SEES THE RETURNING PARTY —



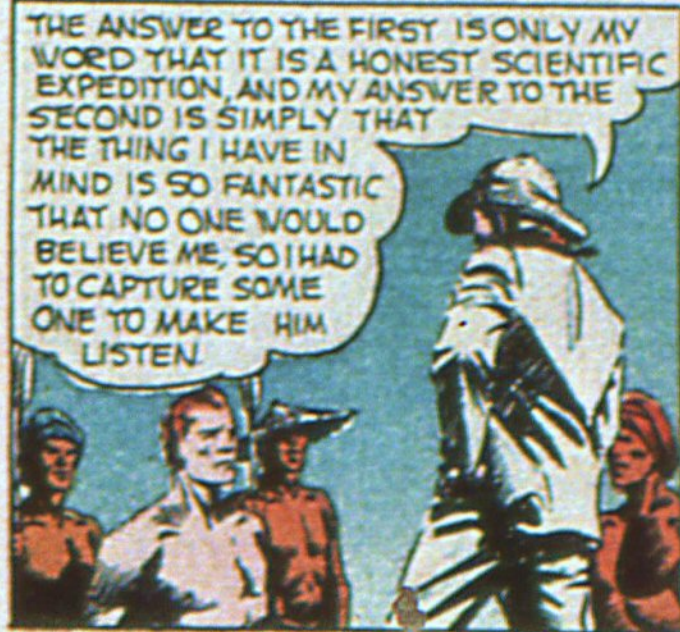
WELL, SON, I'LL PUT MY CARDS ON THE TABLE. I'VE GOT A PROPOSITION. IT OFFERS HIGH ADVENTURE AND IF SUCCESSFUL... WORLD WIDE PROMINENCE... INTERESTED ??



I'LL TELL YOU, IF YOU'LL ANSWER TWO THINGS — FIRST, IS THE PROPOSITION HONEST?.. SECOND, WHY THE HELL DID YOU HAVE TO CAPTURE US ?



THE ANSWER TO THE FIRST IS ONLY MY WORD THAT IT IS A HONEST SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION, AND MY ANSWER TO THE SECOND IS SIMPLY THAT THE THING I HAVE IN MIND IS SO FANTASTIC THAT NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE ME, SO I HAD TO CAPTURE SOME ONE TO MAKE HIM LISTEN.



WELL IF THAT'S THE CASE, YOU'VE PICKED YOURSELF A MAN — I WAS HOPING SOMETHING EXCITING WOULD HAPPEN.



GOOD BOY. UNTIE HIM AND LET THE OTHERS GO!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO... I BROKE THESE THINGS A LONG TIME AGO



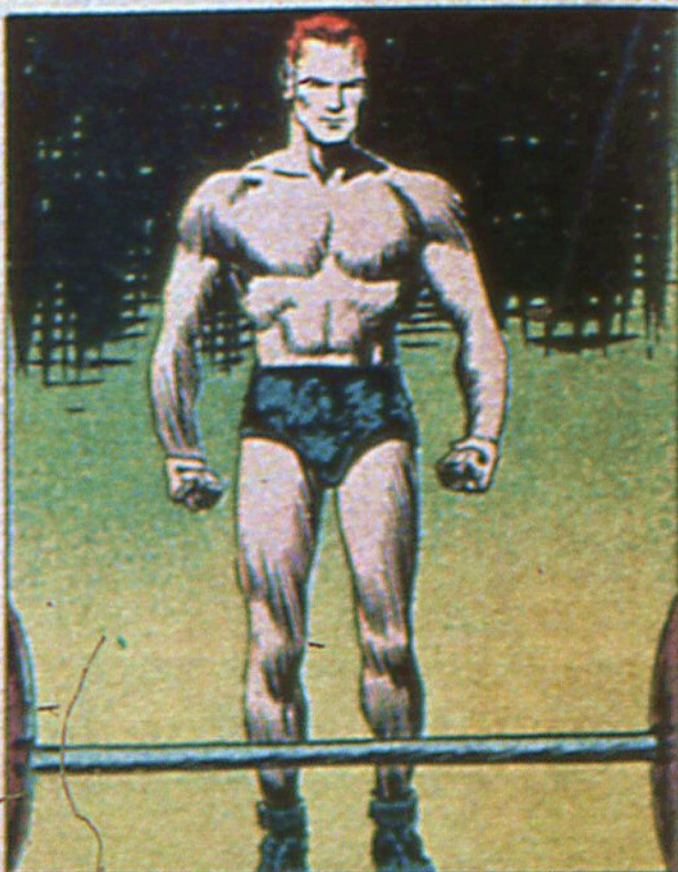
WELL, I'LL BE DOGGONED!







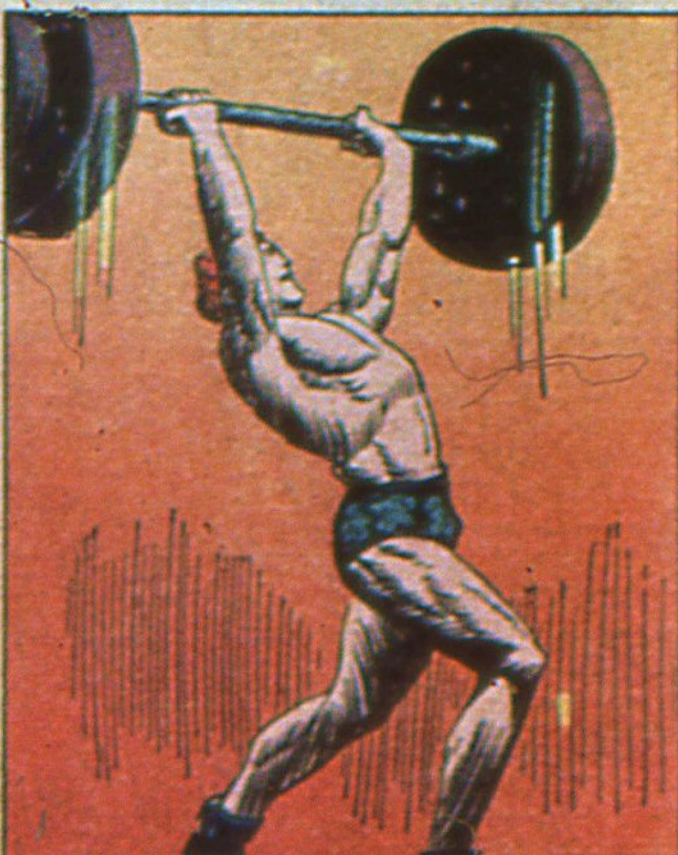
IN ORDER TO TEST LANCE'S STRENGTH, THE SCIENTIST LEADS HIM TO A SET OF WEIGHTS WHICH ARE PACKED TO FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS. HE MUST LIFT THIS TO QUALIFY A FEAT NO MAN HAS EVER ACCOMPLISHED.



LANCE STRIPS, AND FOR A MOMENT — STANDS FLEXING HIS GIANT MUSCLES.



HE DIVES, MUSCLES BULGING, LANCE BRINGS THE TREMENDOUS WEIGHT TO HIS CHEST.



WITH A MAGNIFICENT HEAVE, LANCE HURLS THE WEIGHT OVERHEAD.

HOLD IT STEADY NOW—
THIS ARM BAND MUST BE
PUT ON WHILE YOUR
ARM IS AT A TERRIFIC
TENSION!



MAN!
THIS FEELS
LIKE A
FEATHER!

AS THE ARM BAND IS SNAPPED ON, LANCE
FEELS A NEW FLOW OF ENERGY AND POWER
RIP THROUGH HIS BODY



THERE
IS A
SMALL NEEDLE
ON THE INSIDE
OF THE BAND
WHICH PENETRATES
YOUR ARM—THIS
METAL I HAVE IN-
VENTED, WHEN
IN CONTACT WITH
ALREADY POWER-
FUL ENERGY, MAKES
THE POSSESSOR A VERY
POWERFUL MAN!

OH! BOY! THIS IS SWELL! I THINK I'LL
GO OUTSIDE!



OUT IN THE JUNGLE LANCE EXPERIMENTS
WITH HIS NEW FOUND STRENGTH.



A LITTLE LATER AS HE IS WALKING ALONG,
A HUGE LEOPARD SPRINGS UPON HIM.



A QUICK DOWNWARD THRUST OF LANCE'S
FIST AND THE LEOPARD IS DEAD OF A BROKEN NECK.



LANCE HURTLES THROUGH THE JUNGLE
EXULTING IN HIS NEW FOUND STRENGTH.



HIS AMAZING POWER AND SUPER
STRENGTH GIVES HIM THE ABILITY
TO DO HERCULEAN DEEDS.



WELL I GUESS I'LL GET BACK TO THE
CAVE, I'M ACHING TO GET STARTED!

COME HERE LANCE? I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING!



OUR COURSE LIES BETWEEN TWO OTHER PLANETS, WHICH ARE UNINHABITABLE - AS WE PASS BETWEEN THEM, YOU WILL SEE OUR PLANET FOR THE FIRST TIME. WE START TONIGHT!



STRAP ME DOWN ON THAT COT, THEN INJECT THIS DRUG INTO ME SO THAT I CAN WITHSTAND THE PRESSURE. YOUR STRENGTH WILL PROTECT YOU WHILE YOU STEER!



THAT NIGHT INSIDE THE SPACE SHIP.

WELL, HERE WE GO!



LANCE DOES AS HE IS DIRECTED. THEN STRAPPING HIMSELF IN HIS SEAT HE PULLS THE POWER LEVER.



WITH A ZOOM, THE ROCKET SHIP SHOOT'S INTO SPACE. NEXT MONTH - "DESTINATION"



THE BROADCAST OF A SOCIETY DEB SINGER IS SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED—



THE THUGS MAKE A QUICK GETAWAY WITH THEIR VICTIM IN A HIGH-POWERED CAR



IN THE MEANTIME THE POLICE RADIO SENDS OUT A CALL



AS THE DUKE'S CAR ROUNDS A CORNER NEAR THE STUDIO... THE KIDNAPER'S CAR CRASHES INTO HIM AT A TERRIFIC SPEED....

LOOK OUT!

CRASH

HEY!

THE DUKE'S CAR IS TOSSED INTO THE AIR AND LANDS WITH A SICKENING THUD...

STEP ON IT!

-BUT THE DUKE CRAWLS OUT OF THE WRECKAGE JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE KIDNAPER'S CAR SPEED AWAY....

HIT-AND-RUNNER! STOP!

LATER AT THE STUDIO...

YOU SAY YOU'RE DORIS DARE'S FATHER! HAS DORIS EVER BEEN THREATENED BY ANYONE?

NO.... NOT RECENTLY! A CRAZY MAN SENT HER SOME THREATENING, CRANK LETTERS A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO!

HIX WAS HIS NAME, BUT HE WAS PUT AWAY IN THE A-B INSANE ASYLUM!

YOU MEAN JOHN J. HIX, THE MILLIONAIRE FANATIC... H-M-M! HE WAS A DANGEROUS MAN!

THIS HIX IS OUR ONLY CLUE SO FAR! YOU KNEW HIM RATHER WELL... SO I BROUGHT YOU ALONG TO GET HIM TO TALK!

YOU DON'T THINK THAT HE HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS? H-HE WAS A FIEND!

I DON'T KNOW... IT'S JUST A HUNCH!

WE'D LIKE TO SEE MISTER JOHN J. HIX! I'M THE DUKE FROM HEADQUARTERS!

YES SIR! I'LL HAVE AN ATTENDANT SHOW YOU TO HIM!







... THEN HE TURNS AND RUNS WITH THE DUKE IN CLOSE PURSUIT...

I CAN'T SHOOT HIM... I'VE GOT TO GET HIM ALIVE! HE'S THE ONLY WAY WE'LL FIND MR. HIX!



THE DUKE FELS THE THUG WITH A FLYING TACKLE....

THIS'LL STOP YOU!

UH!



D'DON'T SHOOT, DUKE!

I WON'T SHOOT ON ONE CONDITION.. THAT YOU LEAD US TO DORIS DARE!

O'KAY!



T-THERE'S THE PLACE... T-THAT HOUSE! BUT I'M NOT GOING IN THERE AGAIN FOR NOBODY... I-IT'S HAUNTED!

ALRIGHT.. YOU WATCH HIM, MISTER DARE. I'LL GO IN!



AS THE DUKE HEARS THE HOUSE A SHOT KNOCKS HIS HAT OFF...

WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE!



A WEIRD LAUGH RINGS OUT FROM AN UPPER STORY WINDOW...

HAHAHA... IT ISN'T HEALTHY FOR SNOOPERS HERE!



BACK IN THE CAR...

DID YOU HEAR THAT? I'M TELLING YOU, IT'S FULL OF GHOSTS!

I-I HOPE DORIS IS STILL ALIVE!



THE DUKE APPROACHES THE HOUSE SHIELDED BY A HEDGE...



IN THE MEANTIME IN THE HOUSE...

NOW I SHALL GET REVENGE
ON YOUR FATHER. I SHALL CUT YOU...
WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?
SOMEONE IS IN THE
HOUSE!



THE DUKE HAS ENTERED THE HOUSE

WOW!
THAT BEAM NEARLY
GOT ME!

HAHAHA...
I SHALL FINISH
HIM!



SUDDENLY

GOOD GOSH...!
WHAT IS IT?



BEFORE THE DUKE CAN DODGE...

OOF!



THE DUKE COMES UP SWINGING...

... BUT BEFORE HE CAN DO ANYTHING ...

HAHAHA... NOW
I SHALL TOSS YOU
TO DEATH!



THE DUKE IS SENT HURTLING TOWARD A BRICK WALL...

HAHAHA... EVERY
BONE IN YOUR BODY
WILL BE BROKEN!



THE DUKE GRABS FOR A HANGING ROPE ...



... AND ON THE REBOUND FROM THE WALL HITS THE FIGURE FULL FORCE.

OH!



THE FIGURE GETS UP AND DASHES UP THE STAIRS...

HAHAHA... I SHALL GET THE GIRL FIRST AND THEN YOU!



... THE DUKE RACES AFTER HIM, BUT IS STOPPED BY A HEAVY STEEL DOOR!

CAN'T BREAK THIS DOWN... THERE'S AN OPENING ABOVE THE DOOR!



GOOD GOSH... HE'S GOING TO STAB HER!



THE DUKE HURLS HIMSELF AT THE MURDERER....

OOF!



IN THE SCUFFLE HE RIPS OFF THE HOOD..

MISTER HIX!



MISTER HIX RUSHES TO ONE SIDE OF THE ROOM AND PULLS DOWN A LEVER A MUFFLED EXPLOSION IS HEARD ...

YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE... YOU'LL BURN... HAHHAHA... **BURN!**



AS SMOKE POURS INTO THE ROOM, HIX DISAPPEARS INTO THE SMOKE FILLED HALL...

YOU'LL **BURN...**
HAHAHAHA !!

COME ON, WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE!



THE DUKE CARRIES THE GIRL TO THE PORCH ROOF...

HANG ON!



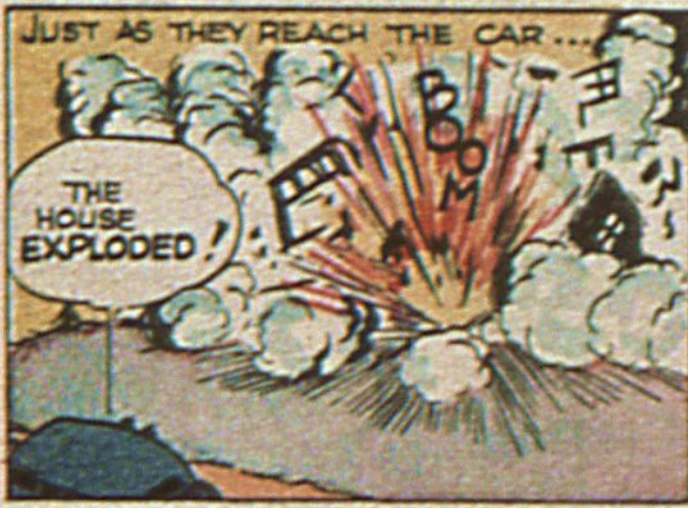
...WHICH GRADUALLY SAGS WITH THEIR WEIGHT GIVING THEM A SAFE JUMP TO THE GROUND...

OH!
WE MADE IT!



JUST AS THEY REACH THE CAR...

THE HOUSE EXPLODED!



ANOTHER MINUTE AND WE WOULD HAVE BEEN BLOWN TO BITS!

THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE SAFE, DORIS!

WE OWE THE DUKE EVERYTHING DAD!



COME ON, BLACKIE! AFTER I GET YOU IN A SAFE PLACE, THIS CASE WILL BE CLOSED!



"MISTER MIDNITE"

MISTER MIDNITE, SCOURGE OF THE UNDERWORLD PITS HIS BRAIN AGAINST THE "LITTLE MEN" AND THEIR INHUMAN CREATION "NOMAN" AS THEY TRY TO RID THE EARTH OF ALL BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.



THE KIDNAPPED
GIRLS ARE
TAKEN TO
A HIDEOUT
WHERE THEY
ARE CONFINED
TO AWAIT
DEATH
BY TORTURE...

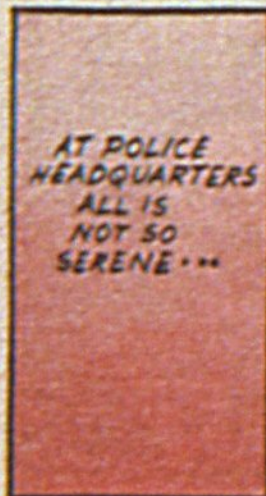


SO FAR WE HAVE
DONE WELL— TAKE
CARE OF NOMAN, HE
PLAYS A VITAL
PART IN OUR PLANS
TO RID THE WORLD
OF ALL BEAUTY!

NOMAN IS INFECTED WITH A STRANGE SERUM
AND PUT INTO HIS CASKET!



HE MUST
SLEEP A
WHILE
NOW



AT POLICE
HEADQUARTERS
ALL IS
NOT SO
SERENE...



THEY'RE BEING TAKEN OFF
THE STREETS, UNDER OUR
VERY NOSES — I CAN'T
FIGURE IT OUT! —



THERE DOESN'T SEEM
TO BE MUCH WE CAN
DO — THERE ISN'T A
SINGLE CLUE!

YEAH — IT'S
GOT ME
PUZZLED, TOO,
CHIEF!



PLASTER THE
CITY WITH
POSTERS! —

IT'S AS GOOD
AS DONE,
CHIEF!



— NOTICE —
WOMEN MUST NOT
APPEAR ON THE
STREETS WITHOUT
AN ESCORT.

J.C. Wade
POLICE COMM.

NEAL
CARRUTHERS III
WEALTHY YOUNG
SPORTSMAN
HAPPENS
BY CHANCE
UPON NOMAN
IN THE ACT
OF TRYING
TO ABDUCT
A PRETTY
GIRL.



HEY WHAT'S THAT! WHY
THAT BIG LUG - IT'S TIME
SOMEONE TAUGHT HIM
A LESSON...
HEY YOU!



NEAL SPRINGS INTO ACTION —

JUST A MINUTE YOU
GORILLA - YOU CAN'T
DO THAT?



BUT NEAL IS HELPLESS IN THE HANDS
OF THE BRUTE -



NEAL IS LEFT FOR DEAD - AND NOMAN
CARRIES OFF THE GIRL - THE POLICE
DISCOVER NEAL -



AFTER HIS RETURN HOME - NEAL TRIES
TO READ - BUT GOES RESTLESS



ADOPTING THE ROLE OF MIDNITE—
THE MAN WHO CONTROLS TIME
AND LIGHT — RETURNS
TO THE SCENE OF THE ATTACK—



WELL, LUCKILY
HE LEFT AN EASY
TRAIL TO FOLLOW!
SO — NOW
THE REST
IS UP TO ME!



STOP — TIME — I WILL
TO BE TAKEN TO THE
CAPTORS OF THE
MISSING GIRLS!



MIDNITE IS TRANSPORTED BY AN UNSEEN POWER
TO A GROVE, OUTSIDE THE CITY LIMITS — HE
SEES AN OPENING IN A MOUND OF ROCKS —



GOOD EVENING —
HOPE I'M ON
TIME FOR ANY
PARTY YOU MIGHT
HAVE IN MIND —

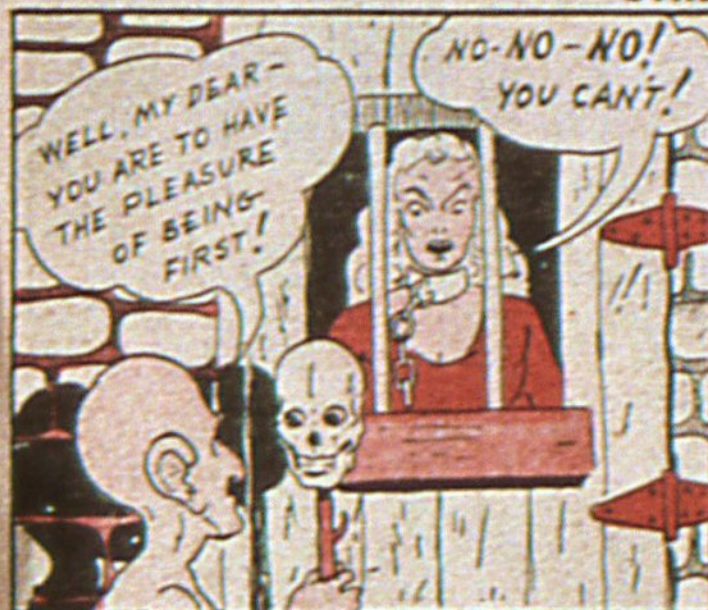


MR. MIDNITE ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE
SEIZED AND BOUND — SO THAT HE
MIGHT BETTER LEARN MORE ABOUT
HIS CAPTIVES AND SURROUNDINGS



NOW WE ARE READY TO
DESTROY OUR CAPTIVES —
WAKE NOLAN — WE WILL SAVE
OUR MALE CAPTIVE UNTIL
THE LAST!





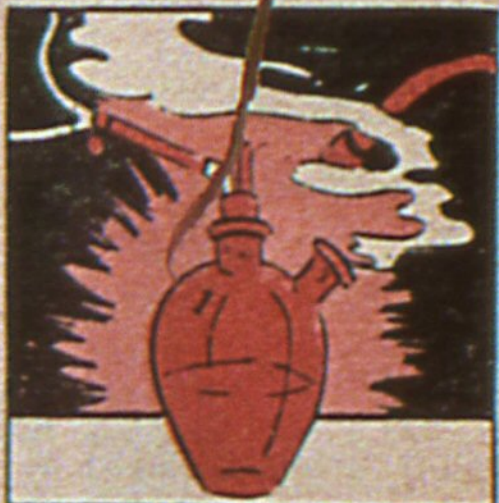
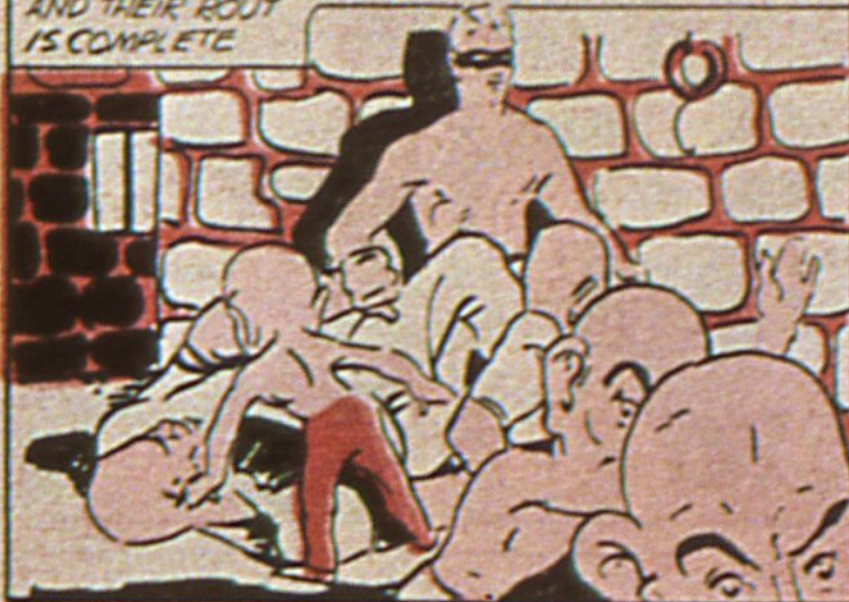
"NOMAN" LURCHES FORWARD TO TAKE HOLD OF "MR MIDNITE" WHO BY NOW HAS HEARD AND SEEN QUITE ENOUGH — WITH A SURGE MIDNITE BREAKS LOOSE



THE NOISE OF THE FIGHT BRINGS A HORDE OF LITTLE MEN —



BUT SEEING NOMAN VANQUISHED THEY TURN AND FLEE, AND THEIR ROUT IS COMPLETE



DURING THE FIGHT A TUBE SLIPS OFF A CONTAINER OF A STRANGE GAS.

THE GAS INEFFECTIVE TO HUMANS CAUSES THE LITTLE MEN TO DISINTEGRATE

— MR MIDNITE NOW TURNS TO THE CAPTIVE GIRL

YOUR NIGHTMARE IS OVER — I SUGGEST THAT YOU RELEASE THE OTHER GIRLS AND GO HOME



— WITH THE COMMAND "TIME PROCEED" MIDNITE IS GONE

BY GUM! HE DID IT AGAIN! THAT MISTER MIDNITE ALWAYS MAKES MY DEPARTMENT LOOK BAD — THIS TIME HE DID A GOOD JOB!



FOREST FIRE



Buck, a woodsman, knew hatred for forest fires . . . but this one brought him a gift!

"LOOK out, here it comes!" Amid a shower of sparks the once stately fir tree fell, like a wounded soldier, across the path of the fleeing pair.

"Good Lord, it's hot! You and your great ideas. Well, you got me into this, now get me out!"

"My idea? You're screwy. It was that dame Helen's."

"Well, she's your woman, so I'm holding you responsible."

"Oh no, not any more she's not. I'm fed up. I never met a dame like her, if it's not a picnic it's a hike, and if it's not a hike it's a fishing trip. I've only known her six months and I'm all in."

"All in? We'll be lucky to get out of this one alive."

"Listen, smart guy, she might not be made like us,

but she sure knows her way around up here. You know it wasn't to hear herself talk that she asked you to be careful where you threw your butts. I wouldn't be a bit surprised."

"Now, wait a minute, you can't pin this on me. You were smoking too, you know."

"Ah, shut yer yap, you can't talk your way out of this one, unless you want to try hollering."

"Yeah, yeah, that's it! Holler for help. Go ahead . . . holler . . . HELP . . . HELP . . . !"

"Okay, . . . Help, . . . HELP . . . !"

Their voices sounded feeble above the roar and crackle of the fire. They didn't know it, but the same bunch of fellows they had ridiculed an hour or so ago, had noticed the fire, and were already working on it.

By Raymond A. Gill

BUCK SADLEY was giving orders, orders that were being carried out to the letter by his troop of boys, bound together by a mutual love of the outdoors.

"Mickey, you take Fred and Jack and head it off on the slope. Start digging a shallow ditch about one hundred feet in front of the fire, and throw all the loose stuff around the back of you into the blaze. Let it eat itself to death."

"Right Buck! Grab those tools Fred, and spread out. We'll each cover an area. Dig it quickly, then stand back."

"Porkey, you and Frank hike up into the woods there and bring back those voices. I have an idea who they belong to."

Buck, to most of the town folk was "king of the kids." He didn't seem to pay much attention to the girls, although he was in his late twenties and a handsome picture of good health. He didn't talk much about it, but he was greatly disappointed at one time. . . . that's all any of them knew.



THEY had left Helen and had run, like two scared rabbits, down the mountain, into the face of the fire. An hour before they had been two boisterous, insulting "he-men" who took it upon themselves to scorn anything they couldn't understand. Out here in the midst of a glorious spring day in a forest, as yet young in a new year, there was much to misinterpret, especially to unappreciative eyes.

Helen, who had been raised in the mountain country, remembered a few of the tricks that the neighborhood kids all knew. One was to keep cool. Think a way out instead of trying to run blindly. So there she sat, her dark hair blowing in the breeze, a breeze that was getting warmer by the second, trying to keep cool and think of some way out. As she sat there, her thoughts wandered. She felt like a little girl again, lost from the fellows, and alone in the dark but friendly forest. She remembered that she never worried much when she became separated from her brother. All she had to do was to sit still and wait, and sure enough one of the boys would always find her. And that's the way she felt now. She knew it was a foolish way to let her mind wander, almost suicidal in view of the situation, so she decided to get up and do something.

BUCK and his little fire eaters were fighting a winning battle. They had the smoking, forest-eating monster eating out of their hands. The fire didn't cross a single line that the boys cut, and it was slowly breathing its last. Buck was just stamping out the last cinders when Porkey and Frank struggled into the clearing with the two rather forlorn looking gentlemen. The younger boys couldn't help laughing, but Buck suddenly asked, "Wasn't there a woman with you?" they both paled, even under the coating of soot on their faces.

"Oh, good grief! We must have been crazy. We . . . we left her up there!"

"What? Hold these two here, I'm going up there!"

Through the still smoking undergrowth Buck Sadley leaped and ran with the agility of a deer, a "buck." He was well named.

When finally he reached her she was lying face down in the center of a small clearing, to protect her throat from the chafing smoke. She had carefully thrown all the leaves and dry twigs into the woods all around her. The fire could have swept right past her, doing no more harm than possibly working up an unnatural sweat.

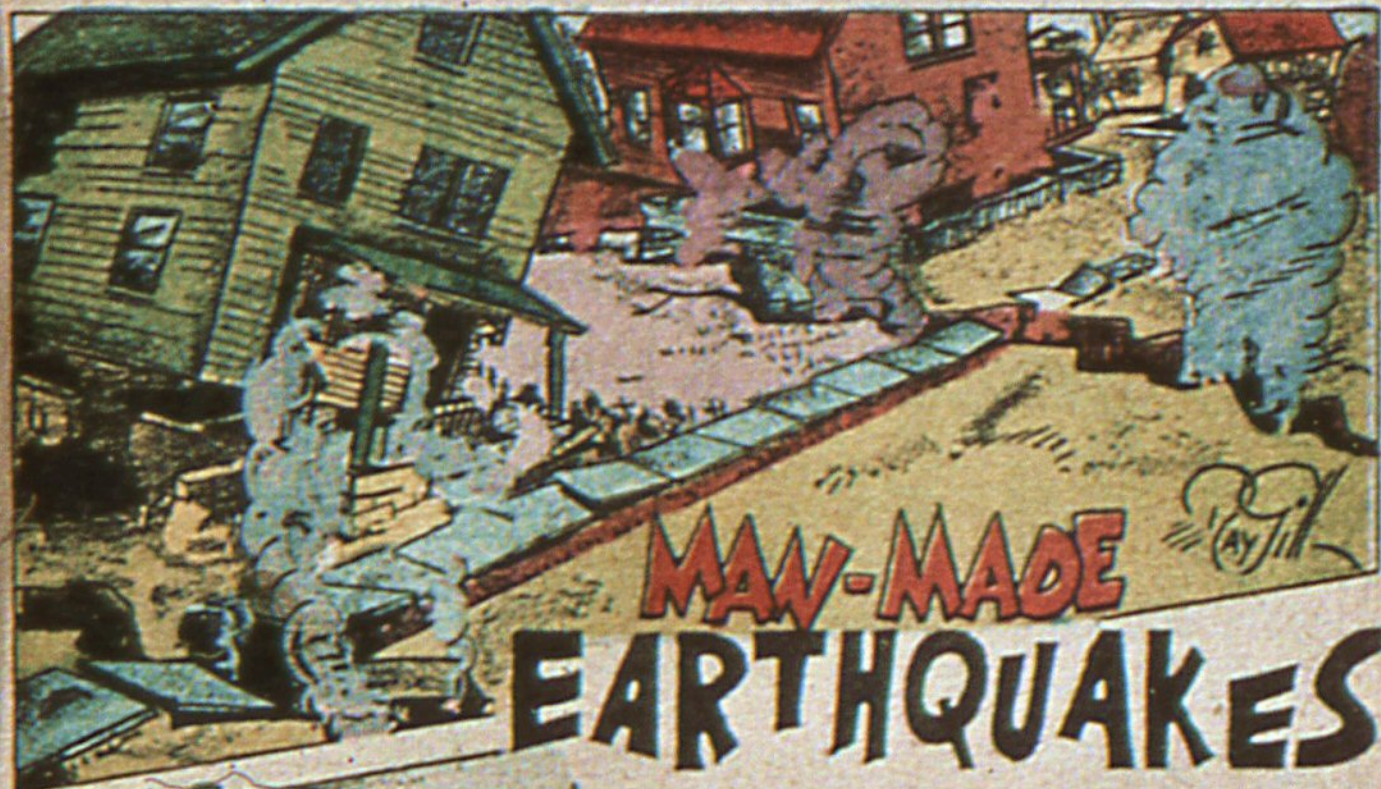
Suddenly sensing his presence, she sat bolt upright. He stood there facing her, a strange feeling coming over him. He had done this before, many times, years ago. He had all he could do to keep from calling out to her brother, "Here she is, I've found her again."

She didn't hear him but she knew his thoughts.

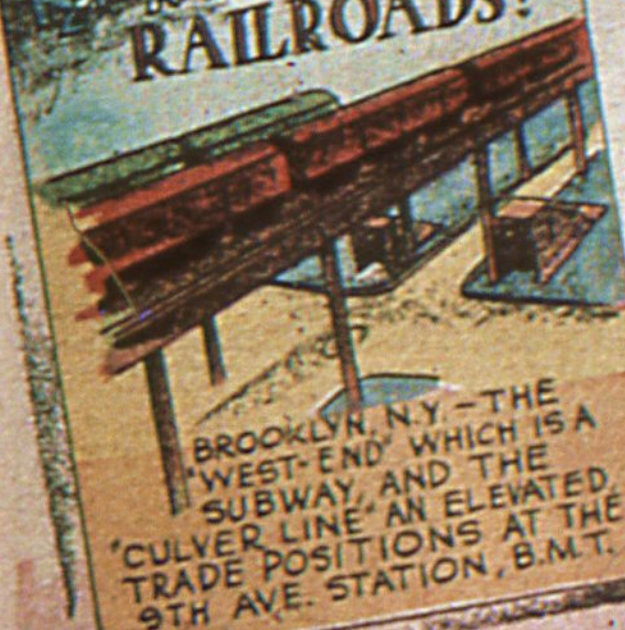
"Yes you have found me again, but this time it's for keeps."

THE END

FACTOGRAMS



REVERSED RAILROADS!



BROOKLYN, N.Y. - THE "WEST-END" WHICH IS A SUBWAY, AND THE "CULVER LINE" AN ELEVATED TRADE POSITIONS AT THE 9TH AVE. STATION, B.M.T.

BLACK

IS NOT A COLOR!

-IT IS THE ABSENCE OF COLOR

WHITE

IS EVERY COLOR!

-IT IS THE COMBINATION OF ALL COLOR

MINDOOKA, PENN. - CRACKED STREETS, STEAMING POT HOLES, BROKEN HOUSES AND ENTIRE SUNKEN STREETS WERE COMMON SCENES DURING THE "CAVE TERROR" ERA. IT WAS CAUSED BY THE COLLAPSE OF OBSOLETE UNDERGROUND COAL MINES

CHINESE FIGHT JAPS WITH MODEL AIRPLANES



CHINA - THE CHINESE ARMY FOOLED THE CLEVER JAPS WITH "SQUADRONS" OF FAKE PLANES. THEY HAD A REAL BASE HIDDEN NEARBY!

SPEAKING

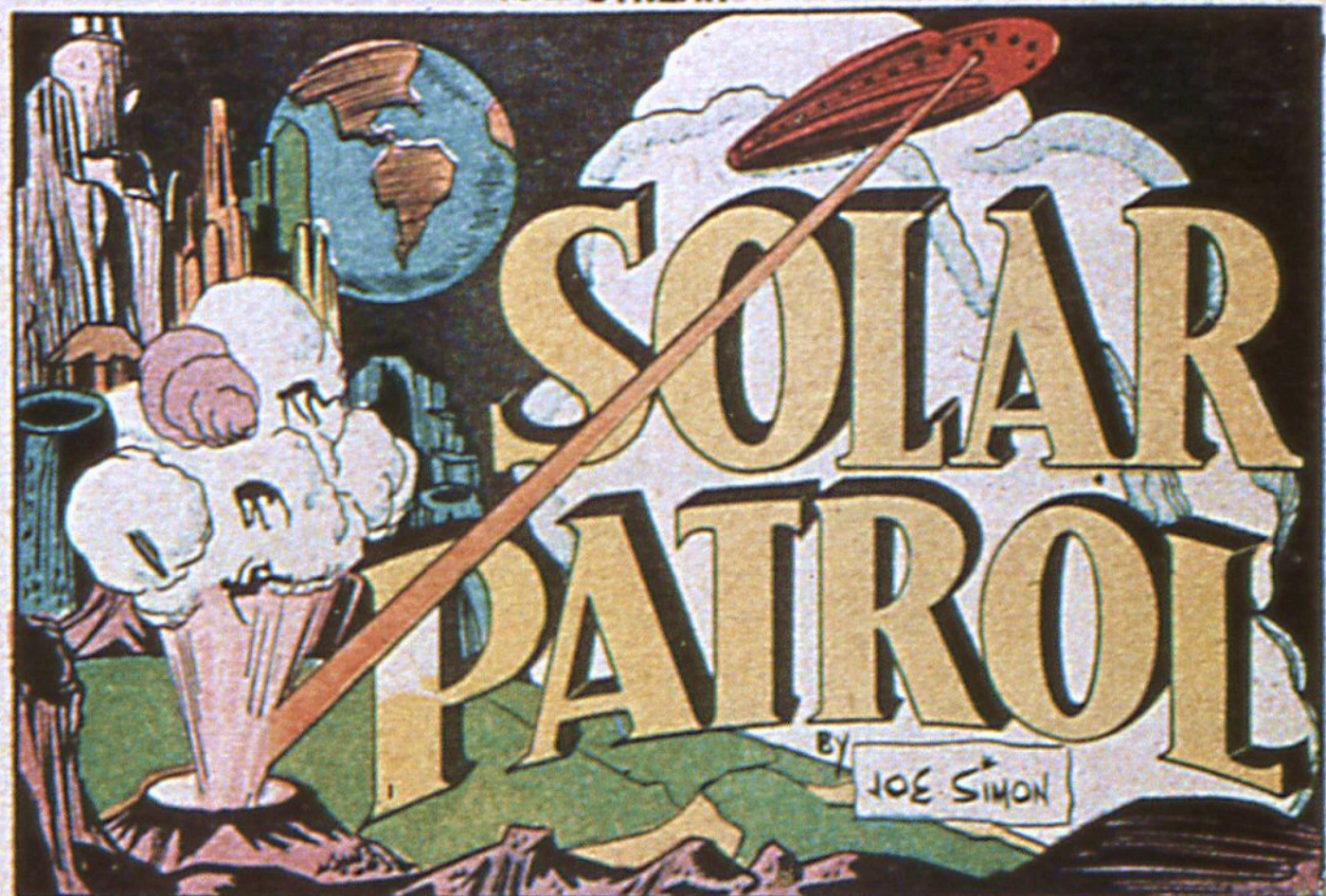
OF MODEL AIRPLANES -



TINY $\frac{3}{8}$ INCH MODEL PLANES ARE BEING BUILT BY HOBBYISTS

MODELS 20 FT. LONG ARE BEING FLOWN BY THE ARMY -





THIS IS THE STORY OF **KEN KURAGE**, WHO LIVES IN THE YEAR 2065... KEN IS A CAPTAIN IN THE POLICE FORCE OF THE EARTH GOVERNMENT.. IT IS HIS JOB TO TRACK DOWN SPIES AND PIRATES FROM OTHER PLANETS, SOME OF WHOM ARE PLOTTING WARS AGAINST THE EARTH.....

WHILE PATROLLING THE STRATOSPHERE IN HIS ROCKET SHIP, KEN'S RADIO MAN RECEIVES A STRANGE MESSAGE..

URGENT ORDER ON THE TRANSMITTER SIR... WILL YOU PICK IT UP?

CALLING SHIP 51... PROCEED TO FOLLOWING LOCATION... CITIZENS ALARMED BY STRANGE CRAFT..

PROBABLY NO CAUSE FOR ALARM BUT WE'LL HEAD OUT THERE ANYWAYS... I'LL SPEED 'ER UP TO FIVE KILLOWATTS PER LIGHT SECOND

IT IS INDEED A STRANGE LOOKING SHIP.. AHoy THERE! THEY DON'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND... AND WE'VE TRIED EVERY KNOWN LANGUAGE IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM... HEAVE TO I'M GOING TO BOARD HER

FUNNY - NO GYRO WINGS OR ROCKET CONTAINERS OF ANY KIND

AS THE PATROL SHIP PULLS ALONGSIDE THE INTRUDOR, A LARGE DOOR IS OPENED OPPOSITE KEN'S PLANE AND A PANEL SLIDES SILENTLY OUT.

WHO ARE YOU? YOU ARE FOREIGN TO OUR SOLAR SYSTEM, ARE YOU NOT?

WE ARE THE TREE MEN OF URANIUS..WE ARE INTERESTED IN CERTAIN MINERALS FOUND ONLY ON YOUR EARTH AND WHICH OUR MUNITION MAKERS ARE SADLY IN NEED OF

I SEE...IF YOU WILL COME WITH ME YOU MAY QUESTION THE COMMANDER ABOUT YOUR PROBLEMS -

HEY!
WHAT'S THE IDEA?!!

I'M AFRAID THAT IS NOW IMPOSSIBLE! WE ARE ALREADY THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY FROM YOUR PLANET... ONE FALSE MOVE AND YOU'LL BE BLOWN TO DUST BY THIS DISINTREGATOR!!

THIS IS A THOUGHT TRANSMITTER IT ENABLES US TO CONVERSE, EVEN THOUGH WE DO NOT UNDERSTAND EACH OTHERS LANGUAGE..

HE IS CONFRONTED BY THE STRANGEST LOOKING CREATURES HE EVER LAID EYES ON...THEY GIVE HIM A GLASS HELMET AND MOTION HIM TO PUT IT ON HIS HEAD..

TREE MEN? I DO NOT UNDERSTAND

IT'S VERY SIMPLE...YOU EARTHMEN ARE EVOLVED FROM THE APE..WE ARE MERELY A HIGHER TYPE OF PLANT ORGANISM, DEVELOPED FROM THE SAME TYPES OF TREE WHICH GROW HERE ON EARTH....

WE WILL GET ALL NECESSARY INFORMATION FROM YOU, MY FRIEND, INCLUDING DETAILS OF YOUR ARMIES AND DEFENSES...

WE'LL TAKE WHAT WE WANT WITHOUT BOTHERING TO GET PERMISSION FROM YOUR GOVERNMENT OF BACKWARD APES!



YOUR SHIP CANNOT
HELP YOU, EARTHMAN.
WE HAVE FIXED
IT IN PLACE
WITH OUR
PARALYZER
RAY... SO
RELAX.

REALIZING THAT HE IS TRAPPED, KEN LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW AND SEES THE EARTH IN THE FAR DISTANCE. HE FORGETS ABOUT THE THOUGHT TRANSMITTER AND WONDERS ABOUT HIS SHIP'S CREW, BUT THE TREE MAN READS HIS MIND.

I AM AN AMAZON
FROM MARS. THE
TREE MEN PLAN TO
CONQUER OUR
ENTIRE SOLAR
SYSTEM.

LUCKY THEY
DIDN'T FIND THIS
KNIFE ON ME..

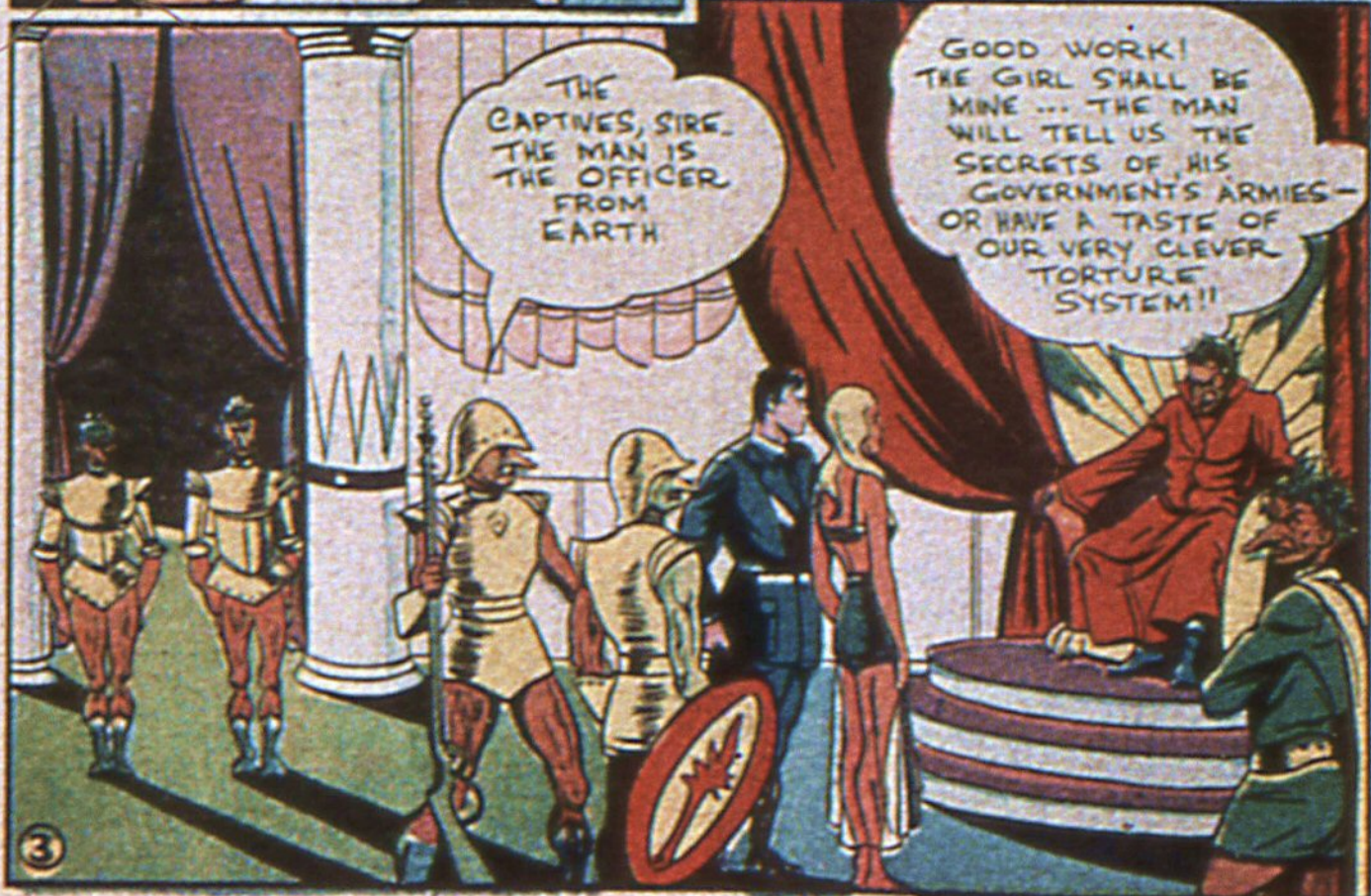


WELL, HELLO
THERE... MIGHTY
NICE OF THESE
BARBARIANS TO
GIVE ME SUCH
LOVELY
COMPANY..



I'LL BE BACK FOR
YOU SOON'S I
CHOP DOWN A
FEW OF
THESE
FORESTS.

AFTER WHAT SEEMS LIKE WEEKS OF TRAVEL, KEN FEELS THE PLANE COME TO A JARRING HALT. HE IS WHISKED AWAY BY MORE TREE MEN.



THE
CAPTIVES, SIRE.
THE MAN IS
THE OFFICER
FROM
EARTH.

GOOD WORK!
THE GIRL SHALL BE
MINE... THE MAN
WILL TELL US THE
SECRETS OF HIS
GOVERNMENT'S ARMIES—
OR HAVE A TASTE OF
OUR VERY CLEVER
TORTURE
SYSTEM!!

YOUR TORTURES WOULD BE A MOST INTERESTING DEMONSTRATION...WE ARE NOT VERY FAR ADVANCED IN THAT FIELD ON MY PLANET.

TOO BAD YOU WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO TELL YOUR PEOPLE ABOUT IT... TAKE HIM TO THE DUNGEON!



THE FOOL HAS PASSED OUT! THEY MUST BE A HARD LOT TO RECKON WITH, THESE EARTHLINGS... NONE OF OUR PEOPLE HAVE FAILED TO TALK UNDER THE HEAT RAY... REVIVE HIM AND WE SHALL TRY THE ICE RAY... HE WILL NOT RELISH BEING FROZEN STIFF!



I'LL JUST BORROW THIS DISINTEGRATOR — IF YOU DON'T MIND...



SO! THEY LEFT A GUARD OUTSIDE! I AM FLATTERED



YOU ARE NOT SO BRAVE NOW, ARE YOU, EARTH-MAN?!
SPEAK NOW! WHERE ARE YOUR ARMAMENT CENTERS LOCATED? GIVE ME YOUR MILITARY SECRETS!!



KEN IS PLACED BEFORE A SCORCHING HEAT RAY... HIS ENTIRE BEING SEEMS TO BE AFLAME.

SO YOU THOUGHT MY FLESH AND BLOOD WOULD BURN AS SIMPLY AS YOUR POOR WOODEN SYSTEMS! THAT WAS YOUR FIRST MISTAKE!



NO SOONER IS KEN ALONE WITH THE GUARD THAN HE SPRINGS INTO ACTION

THE GRAVITY OF THIS PLANET IS SO SLIGHT THAT KEN MOVES OVER THE SURFACE IN APPARENTLY EFFORTLESS LEAPS...



TELL ME WHAT THEY'VE DONE WITH THE GIRL OR I'LL SNAP YOUR NECK LIKE IT WAS A DRY TWIG!

THEY ARE PREPARING HER FOR THE WEDDING... LET ME GO AND I WILL LEAD YOU TO HER!

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS BUNCH!

NOW IF WE CAN GET THIS SHIP UP BEFORE THEY FIND THE RANGE!! IN A MINUTE THE WHOLE CITY WILL BE AROUSED!!

THEY'LL ATTACK OUR PLANETS! HOW CAN WE STOP THEM?

WE'RE DIRECTLY OVER THEIR ARMS BASE... —IF I CAN WORK THIS DISINTREGATOR.

THAT'S THE END OF THEIR WAR PLANS!

BACK ON EARTH! I'LL REPORT AND THEN ARRANGE FOR A CONVOY TO GET YOU HOME

CAPTAIN KURAGE, AT YOUR SERVICE, COMMANDER..

OH, BY THE WAY, CAPTAIN... I REALIZE IT'S PRETTY QUIET AROUND HERE, BUT —

TRY NOT TO LEAVE YOUR SHIP IN THE FUTURE... WE NEVER KNOW WHEN TROUBLE MAY SPRING UP... MAKE OUT A REPORT..

THE WASP

by JAY FLETCHER

AN ACTION-DETECTIVE STORY, IN WHICH "THE WASP," ARCH-FOE OF CRIME, MATCHES WITS WITH A SUPER CRIMINAL KNOWN AS "THE PROFESSOR."



LOOK, CHIEF!! THERE'S THE ONLY HOUSE IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD! THAT MUST BE IT!!

RIGHT, BILL—I'LL PARK OVER BY THAT TREE!!



YOU GO AHEAD, BILL, I'LL BE AROUND LATER!!

OKAY, CHIEF!



TWO MEN EMERGE FROM THE CAR—BURTON SLADE, ALIAS "THE WASP", AND HIS RIGHT HAND MAN, BILL BARNES, EX-NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

WELL—HERE GOES! GOOD LUCK TO YOU, MR. BARNES!



HAH!—JUST AS THE WASP THOUGHT!

STEALING UP TO THE RUSTIC HOUSE, BARNES PEERS IN THROUGH A BATTERED SHUTTER—



—WHEN SUDDENLY—



WHEN BARNES COMES TO, HE FINDS HIMSELF IN THE OLD HOUSE.

GREAT GUNS!! IT'S THE PROFESSOR - SO THEY LET YOU OUT, EH RAT??



HA-HA-YES, IT'S TH' PROFESSOR - YOU FELL INTO MY NEATLY SET TRAP, BARNES - A NOTE SAYING HELP WAS NEEDED BROUGHT YOU AND YOUR CHIEF 'THE WASP' HERE!! I SWORE I'D GET THE WASP FOR SENDING ME UP FOR A LONG STRETCH AS SOON AS I GOT OUT O' PRISON! MY MEN OUGHT TO HAVE TRAPPED THE WASP BY NOW!! HA-HA!!!



FUNNY WE DON'T SEE DIS WASP GUY 'ROUND - WE GOT HIS MAN EASY ENOUGH!!

YEAH - HE DISAPPEARED LIKE MAGIC - HE GIVES ME TH' CREEPS, SPIKE!!



MEANWHILE OUTSIDE THE HOUSE -

SPIKE - LOOK OUT!! IN DAT TREE - IT'S TH' WASP!!



I'LL GIT 'IM, SQUINT!

THE TWO MEN STRUGGLE BENEATH THE FOLDS OF THE WASP'S CAPE -

UH-

SO-IT'S THE PROFESSOR'S MEN - HOWDY, BOYS!!

HEY -! BLUB--



I SUPPOSE YOU TWO BOYS HAVE MET BEFORE!!

CRACK!!



INSIDE THE HOUSE-

WE'VE PLANNED A BIG HOLDUP JOB, BARNES AN' WE DON'T WANT ANY INTERRUPTIONS-- ESPECIALLY FROM THE WASP--

-AND SO YOU DECIDED TO GET RID OF US FIRST, EH PROFESSOR!!

SUDDENLY, BARNES GRABS THE LAMP AND HURLS IT AT THE PROFESSOR--

STOP 'IM!! DON'T LET 'IM GET AWAY!!

GIT BACK OR I'LL PLUG YUH!!

WERE YOU TALKING TO ME, MUG?

UH--!

YOU WON'T GET PAST THAT DOOR, BARNES--WHAT'S MORE--THERE'S A GUARD OUTSIDE!!

AT THIS MOMENT THE DOOR IS FLUNG OPEN--

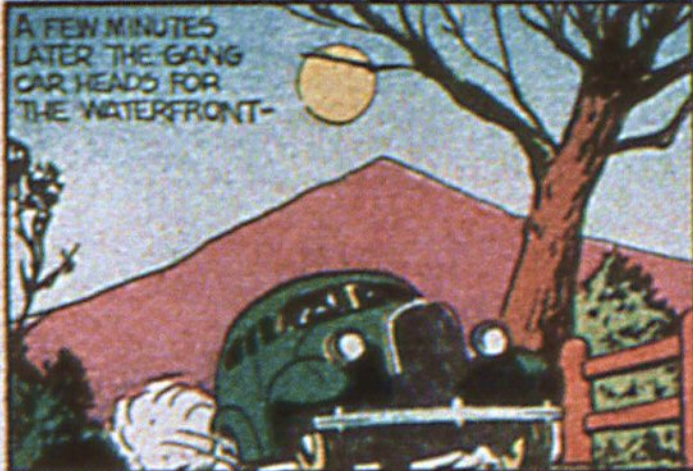
YOUR REAR GUARD JUST TOOK A DAY OFF, PROFESSOR--STEP ON IT, BILL, WE'D BETTER DO LIKEWISE!!

TH' WASP!!

THEY'RE GONE, BOSS--WHAT NOW??

I'LL GET 'IM YET--C'MON--PILE IN TH' CAR--WE'RE GOING TO PULL THAT WAREHOUSE JOB--STEP ON IT!

A FEW MINUTES LATER THE GANG CAR HEADS FOR THE WATERFRONT—



DOWN THE ROAD, HIDDEN AMONG THE TREES IS THE WASP'S CAR—



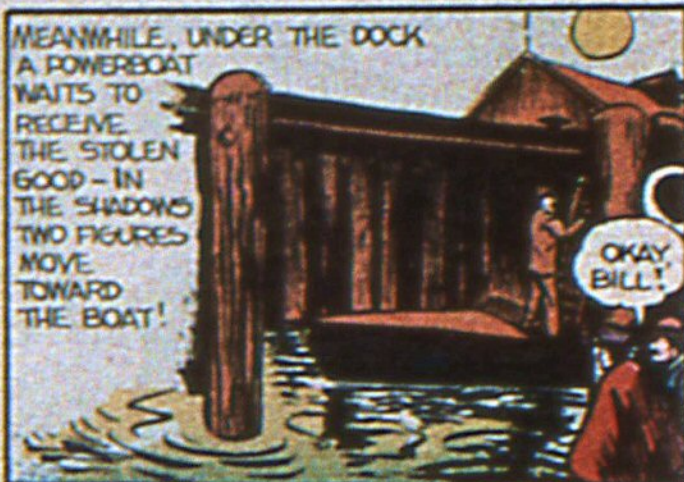
THERE THEY GO CHIEF—STEP ON IT!

ONE HOUR LATER

ALL RIGHT, BOYS—LET'S GO! EVERYTHING'S SET—AN' I DON'T WANT ANY SLIP UPS EITHER!



MEANWHILE, UNDER THE DOCK A POWERBOAT WAITS TO RECEIVE THE STOLEN GOOD—IN THE SHADOWS TWO FIGURES MOVE TOWARD THE BOAT!



OKAY BILL!

THEY'RE CERTAINLY TAKIN THEIR TIME UP THERE—I WONDER IF SOMETHIN'S UP!



UH—

HERE—THIS WILL PUT YOU TO ASLEEP FOR AWHILE!



BILL BARNES POSES AS THE GANGSTER WHILE THE WASP ATTENDS TO OTHER DETAILS TO TRAP THE GANG—THE BOXES CONTAINING VALUABLE CHEMICALS ARE HANDLED TO BARNES—

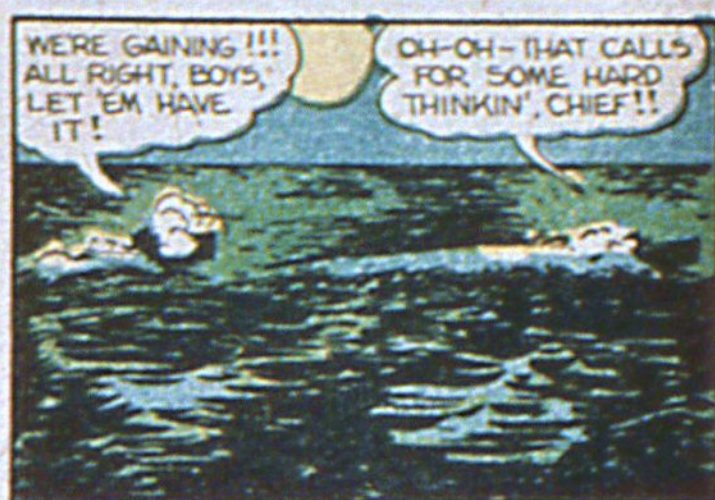
HERE'S TH' LAST ONE, BOY—THIS IS SOME HAUL!

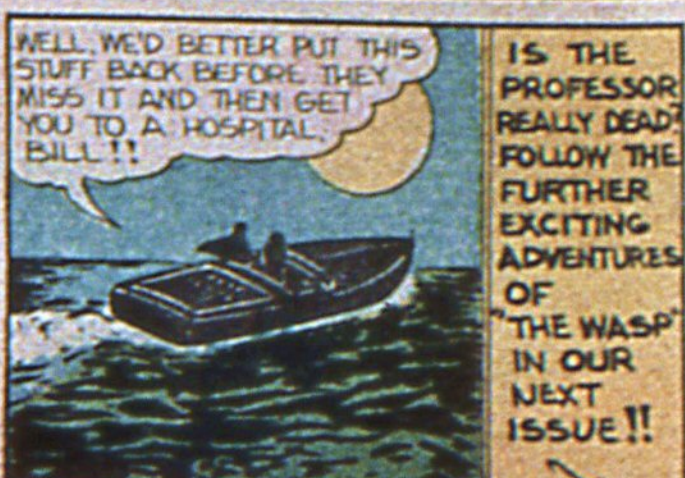
I'LL SAY..... WAIT!!—WHAT TH'—!!



HEY, BOSS—QUICK!! THAT AIN'T SLUG DOWN THERE—IT'S THE WASP!!







Charlie Barnet Uses Home Recordo!



Charlie Barnet in his private hotel suite checking a duet by Judy Ellington and Larry Taylor, Vocalists in his band.

You, Too,
Can Make
Your Own
Records If
You Sing
or Play an
Instrument



Judy Ellington heard in Charlie Barnet's Band making a Home Records record for her personal album.

MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS AT HOME

Before spending money for an audition, make a "home record" of your voice or musical instrument and mail it to a reliable agency . . . you might be one of the lucky ones to find fame and success through this easy method of bringing your talents before the proper authorities.



Larry Taylor, Vocalist in Charlie Barnet's Band, listening to a play back of a recording he just made with Home Records.

Now a new invention permits you to make a professional-like recording of your own singing, talking or instrument playing. Any one can quickly and easily make phonograph records and play them back at once. Record your voice or your friend's voices. If you play an instrument, you can make a record and you and your friends can hear it as often as you like. You can also record orchestras or favorite radio programs right off the air and replay them whenever you wish.



Everything is included. Nothing else to buy and nothing else to pay. You get complete HOME RECORDING UNIT, which includes special recording needle, playing needles, 6 two-sided unbreakable records. Also guide record and spiral feeding attachment and combination recording and playback unit suitable for recording a skit, voice, instrument or radio broadcast. ADDITIONAL 2-SIDED BLANK RECORDS COST ONLY \$7.5 per dozen. (24 sides)

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Charlie Barnet with his arranger, Bill May, often check new arrangements on Home Records.

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STEEDY STEAM BOAT

10c

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TELEVISION RIFLE

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